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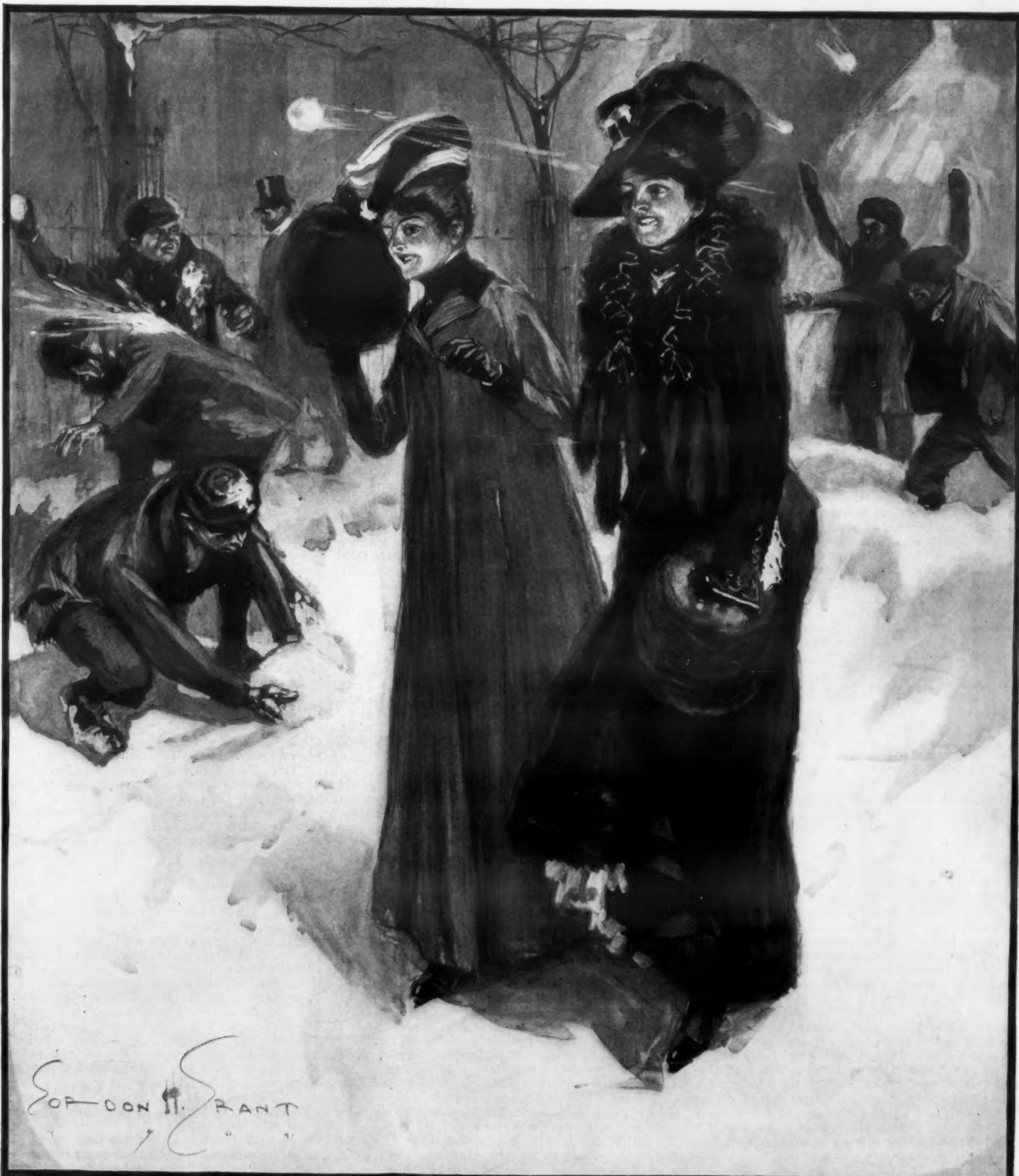
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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Vol. XCIV. No. 2419

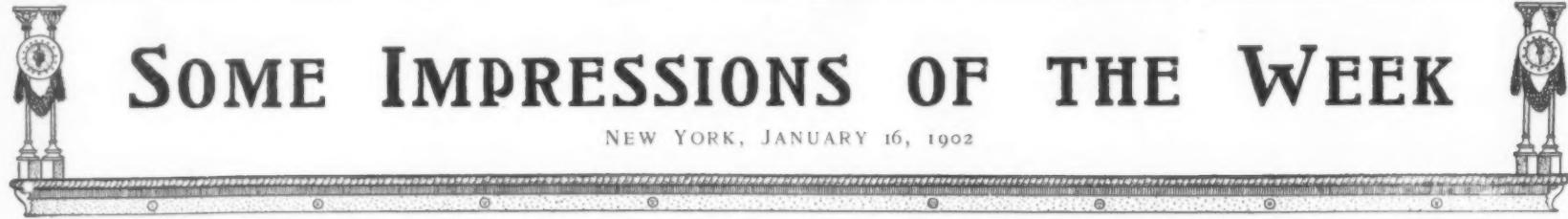
New York, January 16, 1902

Price 10 Cents



ON THE FIRING-LINE.

THE FIRST SNOW-STORM OF THE SEASON.—Drawn by Gordon H. Grant.



SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE WEEK

NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1902

Assaults on Party Leaders.

SENATOR T. C. PLATT is wise in reconsidering his first thought of bringing suit for libel against a magazine which had assailed him. The vindictive attack which has been made on Senator Platt by a rather well-known writer in one of the magazines is a species of assault to which statesmen and party leaders from the beginning of the government have been subject. Freneau, Bache, Duane, and others even vilified the Father of his Country. Callender, who was drowned in the James River around the middle of Madison's administration, first assailed Presidents Washington and Adams in the interest of Jefferson, and then, when Jefferson attained power, turned against him and afterward assailed his disciple and successor, Madison, with still greater virulence. John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Tyler, and Pierce had their traducers, revealed and anonymous, among the writers of their time.

Lincoln was abused by "Brick" Pomeroy and other professional libelers with an indecency and a ferocity such as, happily, has been absent from the assaults of partisan or personal opponents in the past score of years, while Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Cleveland were pursued savagely and persistently by persons in and out of their respective parties. Clay complained to his friend, Henry A. Wise, in 1840 that he was denounced by writers and orators in the north as a slave-driver, and this malevolence pursued him to the end of his career. The passions which the assault on Benton by the Calhoun section of his party incited were so bitter and so persistent that even now, forty-five years after his death, Benton is occasionally stigmatized by some of the newspapers and politicians of his state as an abolitionist and an incendiary.

Douglas said of himself in 1854, just after the enactment of his Kansas-Nebraska bill, that he could have traveled all the way from Washington to Chicago by the light of his own burning effigies. Broderick, of California, was hounded to death in a fight with a professional duelist. It has been the same with many of the more recent party chieftains—Blaine, Conkling, Sherman, Bryan, and others, in both of the great organizations. The assaults on Conkling and Blaine in some of the newspapers and the magazines undoubtedly hastened their deaths even though the immediate cause of death in Conkling's case was due to exposure in New York's blizzard of a dozen years ago. The assault on Senator Platt by a Callender of 1901 was as indecent as were those of his prototype on Jefferson in 1804-1809. Such vilification has been the fate of most of the men who have attained high station or high influence in polities.

While life lasts they are subject to assaults from libelers, amateur or professional, though in our day these attacks have less weight than they did once, and the persons making them have usually a shorter career. "Call no man happy until he is dead," is an aphorism which has a particularly direct application to the leaders of the great parties.

The Right Use of Names.

THE AMERICAN Scenic and Historical Preservation Society has set a good example in offering prizes for the best and most expressive names for the bridges over the river between New York and Brooklyn. The idea is that the names of the great public structures should not be left to mere chance, or the whim of some individual, as such things generally are.

As long as dictionaries are cheap and accessible to every one, and the English language may be drawn upon gratuitously and to an indefinite extent, there would seem to be no reasonable excuse for dubbing public structures, geographical divisions, or natural objects of any sort with grotesque, meaningless, or uncouth names. The map of the United States is sprinkled with a great many absurdities of this kind now, offensive alike to good taste and a proper civic pride. Many a beautiful lake, noble mountain, and lovely village is suffering undeserved neglect and even positive reproach because of its unfortunate association with some vulgar, repellent, and wholly inappropriate title, fastened upon it by ignorant and unthinking people.

Such, for example, is the word "devil," which may be found attached to lakes, mountains, and other features of the landscape in various parts of the country. The word is highly offensive and objectionable, and with a few possible exceptions, its use in connection with natural objects or geographical divisions is utterly inexcusable. Scarcely less absurd is the practice of stringing a line of adjacent towns with the prefixes—"east," "west," "north," and "south"—as if there were not enough individual names in the language to go around. Under such a nomenclature the towns can have no individuality and little distinction from each other, no matter how much they deserve it. The mere fact of contiguity affords no reason why a group of four or five towns should be placed around a common title, with only the addition of a compass to distinguish them

from each other. The result is confusing and often wholly misleading so far as the real situation and character of the different places are concerned.

The English language is rich in expressive and euphonious words suitable for geographical names, and local history and tradition may often be drawn upon for apt and pleasing terms. In some parts of this country, notably in Maine, Wisconsin, and several southern States, the practice of using names derived from the Indian tongue has been followed with the happiest results, and where changes in nomenclature are made or new names are needed in the future for new towns, counties, and other divisions, recourse may well be had to the same treasury of unique, expressive, and euphonious words. Such words as "Kennebec," "Oconee," "Wasumsett," "Menominee," and "Minnewaska," have a pleasing sound, their historical associations are interesting and suggestive, and they can hardly be used too numerously and freely.

Considerations of justice and true patriotism also urge the use of these words from the language of the aborigines, since they suggest the foundation period of our national history and serve to perpetuate the memory of a race destined in the near future to disappear almost entirely from the face of the earth.

Changes in Cabinets.

IN THE Cabinets of many Presidents there have been more changes than have yet occurred or than are impending in that of President Roosevelt. John Adams had much trouble with his original Cabinet, which he took over from the Washington administration, and which looked to Hamilton, then in retirement, for inspiration, instead of to their official chief. All were changed before the end of Adams's term. Jackson's original Cabinet was wrecked in the "Peggy O'Neill war," and the next one was reconstructed almost entirely afterward in the fight on the United States Bank. In fact, the conflicts which wrecked Jackson's Cabinets caused partisan estrangements which helped to crystallize that collection of diverse elements which, in 1834, entered into the coalition called the Whig party.

It was the Presidents, however, who became such through the death of their official chiefs who had most trouble through transformations in their political families. Tyler, who accepted William Henry Harrison's Cabinet on the death of the latter when a month in office, lost every member of it five months later in the fight on the restoration of the United States Bank, except Secretary of State Webster, who retained office until after he finished a treaty with Great Britain then in course of negotiation, when he, too, stepped down. All of Taylor's official family was changed soon after death sent the Vice-President, Fillmore, into the higher office. In Fillmore's case, though, as in that of Roosevelt, the Cabinet changes did not affect the personal relations of the President and the retiring officials.

Johnson had more trouble with Secretary of War Stanton, who held over from the Lincoln régime, than any President before or since his time ever had with any Cabinet official, and this wrangle precipitated impeachment. The fight between Johnson and the Republican party which elected him, which had the Stanton feud as one of its phases, was so vindictive that Secretary of State Seward, who remained in Johnson's official family voluntarily, thereby lost his connection with the Republican party. There was a vendetta in the dominant party, too, at the time when Garfield's death sent Arthur to the Presidency, and all of Garfield's Cabinet retired soon after Arthur went to the White House except Secretary of War Lincoln. Possibly there may yet be a complete transformation in President Roosevelt's official family, but if there should be it would have more than one precedent, and it would be accomplished in a friendly way.

A New Kind of a Mayor.

THE COMPLETE transformation in the government of New York City which was made on the first of January was essentially an event of national interest. It was so, principally, because the new incumbent of the office of mayor, the Hon. Seth Low, typifies the best citizenship of which our commonwealth can boast. One little act of his which leaked out just before his inauguration discloses how lofty and pure are his ideals of public life. He deemed it proper to part with over half a million dollars' worth of stocks and bonds, many of them inherited from his father's estate, and some of them representing securities held by nearly every prominent investor in this city. These were shares in banks, financial institutions, and corporations that, under some circumstances, might seek the city's favor. Mayor Low, with a refinement of feeling on the subject that merits the highest commendation, decided to sell all his holdings, so as to be absolutely free from the possibility of selfish interest. This was a great sacrifice, for if, at the expiration of his term, he should endeavor to re-purchase

the stocks he has sold, he would only be able to do so, in all probability, by paying much higher prices than those which he received. It is decidedly a new thing for New York City to have a mayor of such independence and probity, a scholar, a thinker, a writer, and a speaker as well, whose utterances command widespread attention. Much is naturally expected of our new mayor, but he also has the right to expect much from the good people who united to place him where he is, and, in his modest inaugural remarks, he ventured to remind the people, who were pressing to congratulate him, of the importance of that fact. The office of the mayor of New York City is second only in importance to that of the Governor of this great state. It would not be surprising if the present incumbent should so please the public as to make his office a stepping-stone to the highest place in the gift of the people of the Empire State. That may be the logic of events.

The Plain Truth.

THE HISS of the anarchist serpent was heard in Chicago again the other evening, when at a public meeting of the "reds," attended by over a thousand persons, the name of Czolgosz was wildly cheered and a eulogy upon him was pronounced by an anarchist editor. A demonstration like this ought to be impossible in any American city to-day, and it could not have happened in Chicago if the local authorities had been alert in their duty. Memories of the Haymarket, one might think, would be sufficient to keep the Chicago police nerved up to a proper treatment of the anarchist brood. A loud demand is going up just now from various quarters for a re-enactment of the Chinese exclusion act, and we hear again the old cry that "the Chinese must go." But much better will it be for the country to insist that the anarchist crowd "must go," and to stand not on the order of their going. The Chinese may possibly be a menace to free labor, but the assassin breed are a menace to what is dearer still, to peace, order, and the lives of our chosen rulers.

THE CRAZE for reform in the Post-office Department is becoming worse than a mania. It is tending toward the idiocy. All sorts of rulings, some very good and some pretty bad, have been made by the department, or rather by the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. Madden, who does not belie his name in treating with the publishers of the United States. But the proposition of Congressman Jenkins, of Wisconsin, for the free delivery of library books through the mails by carts and wagons is about as nonsensical, extravagant, and impracticable as anything could be. The government could much better afford to establish free circulating libraries in the rural communities and put them in the hands of local postmasters. Every place of importance now has a free library, and, in fact, every rural Sunday-school has books enough to engage the attention of the children and their elders. The rage for reform in the Post-office Department seems to have broken out in new place, but with a hard-headed, practical Postmaster-General like Mr. Payne in charge we may hope for the rapid return of common sense.

SECRETARIES of the Treasury do not usually pose as reformers. It will be recalled that at the bankers' dinner in New York a short time ago Mr. Gage publicly declared that he was not a reformer, although he believed in "wise, judicious, and careful reform." The secretary then indicated what he conceived to be the difference between a reformer with a fad and a man who honestly believes that evolution, instead of sudden and disturbing changes, is the law of life. It is suggestive that the incoming Secretary of the Treasury, Governor Shaw, of Iowa, announced, after his appointment, that he was an organization politician and added: "A machine politician is not as great a nuisance as a fool reformer." Governor Roosevelt, who started early in his career as a typical reformer, but who has learned a great many things in the school of practical politics, and who is just now learning many more, probably appreciates the sentiment of the gentleman of Iowa whom he has invited into his Cabinet. This appreciation may have had a good deal to do with the appointment of the new Secretary. The fact that Governor Shaw would not accept the new appointment until after he had consulted his wife has led to some comment. It recalls the statement that the late Vice-President Colfax was at one time offered the editorship and control of one of the greater newspapers in New York City. The gentlemen who made the tender were told by Mr. Colfax that he would give his decision as soon as he could hear from his wife. The man who had the most to say in the matter at once declared that a great newspaper must have at its head one who could decide things for himself, and he moved that the proposition made to Mr. Colfax be withdrawn, which was immediately done. But for this Mr. Colfax's career might have had a very different ending.

People Talked About

WE ARE taught at our fine boarding-schools for ladies and in all the books on etiquette that we must not cross our knees, as it is not elegant or well-bred. What, then, can one think when one looks upon the picture of the most beautiful royal princess in all Europe, which shows her with her knees crossed in the most provincial way? Surely there must be rules for queens that differ from ours. This royal personage is considered the most stylish royal lady in Europe; she dresses in the most perfect taste and is extravagantly fond of pretty clothes. She is the niece of King Edward of England, and a first cousin to the Czar of Russia; she is first cousin to the Emperor of Germany, her paternal grandmother having been Queen Victoria and her maternal grandfather a Czar of Russia. This, one might say, gives her the right to cross her knees if she wants to, regardless of the rules of etiquette books.

Sauntering in Broadway with a friend, President Stillman, of the National City Bank, said in reply to his friend's remark about the prosperous looking men he had noticed, "They are like a lot of enterprises we know of; they look finely prosperous, but there is a small per cent. of them that pay attractive dividends."

ONE OF the most beautiful, accomplished, and popular young women of her state is Miss Marion Cockrell, daughter of Senator Francis M. Cockrell, of Missouri, who recently christened the new battle-ship Missouri at Newport News. Miss Cockrell is tall, a blond, and is very fond of outdoor sports, which is the natural consequence of the fact that she was the only girl among five brothers. Miss Cockrell has traveled extensively. She was the guest at the Paris exposition of Mr. Thomas F. Walsh, who was one of the American commissioners, and spent six months in Cuba with her father as the guest of the Governor-general. She was educated in Paris and in Washington, her father having been elected to the United States Senate before her birth. Since her mother's death she has presided gracefully over her father's household in Washington.

President Diaz of Mexico was telling a visitor from the United States of a monument which his government will soon erect at Puebla to the memory of Mexican soldiers who fell at that place in a battle with the French, while the latter were fighting for Maximilian. The American politely reminded President Diaz that the Mexicans were defeated at Puebla.

"Yes, I know that," replied Diaz, "but we have a precedent from your country. The Americans were repulsed at Bunker Hill, I believe, but you erected a monument there just the same."

The American visitor shifted the conversation.

MARCONI'S GREATEST message without wires went to the heart of an Indiana belle months before he signaled his wireless message across the Atlantic. It is announced that the great inventor and Miss Josephine Bowen Holman, of Indianapolis, will be married shortly. Miss Holman and Marconi met on an ocean liner, and the intense interest which she showed in his experiments, the intelligence with which she comprehended his plans as he enthusiastically unfolded them, led to a romantic engagement. The wedding was announced for this autumn, but his experiments in Newfoundland have been vexingly longer than Marconi expected. Miss Holman left Indianapolis a few days ago for New York to join her sister, who is with friends in that city. Her mother, Mrs. H. B. Holman, has joined her there. Miss Holman is a granddaughter of Silas T. Bowen, one of the founders of the book-house which brought James Whitcomb Riley into prominence.

Senator Quarles, of Wisconsin, is noted at home as a very clever man. The reputation has followed him to the national capital. He is gifted with a quiet humor which makes him welcome. In a talk about the abducted missionary, Miss Stone, the Wisconsin Senator said to a coterie of women who had called on the Senator in behalf of Miss Stone: "The old cry of 'Come over into Macedonia and help us,' has been supplemented, I notice, with the addition, 'Fetch the ransom with you.'"

RICHARD H. EDMONDS, of Baltimore, although still a young man, as age is counted in the twentieth century, has long held a prominent place among the men of the new south, which means simply the progressive south of to-day. Nineteen years ago Mr. Edmonds founded the Manufacturers' Record of Baltimore, and he still owns, controls, and edits this organ. But just at this moment Mr. Edmonds is more particularly noted as the exponent and advocate of a plan for the help of impoverished southern boys. At the opening session of the Southern Cotton Spinners' Association, in Atlanta, Ga., recently, he was the principal speaker and made a sensation by pointing out what the south could do by developing, through technical education, the wealth-creating potentialities of its poor white boys. Mr. Edmonds proposed that right in the Spinners' Convention should be started a practical movement of this sort:

Let each of the 668 cotton mills now in actual operation in the south furnish one scholarship in a southern technical institution; let each of the dozen or more great systems of railway do the same, and as many as possible of the numerous other industrial undertakings now prospering here, join in the movement. There should be secured without difficulty 1,000 of these scholarships, each providing \$125 per annum for a course of four years, and each to be bestowed upon a beneficiary proved deserving in every respect. While each manufacturing establishment will thus bind itself to an outlay of only

telectual domain." The correspondent had failed in his mission to obtain the information which Mr. Medill considered important.

ONE OF the crying evils of Italy to-day, as of Macedonia and the regions adjacent, is the prevailing system of brigandage which the governments of these countries seem either unwilling or unable to suppress. Within the past few months, however, a resolute and persistent attempt has been made by the Italian criminal authorities to break up the camora in Calabria and other provinces where their depredations have become intolerable. The most satisfactory result of these attempts thus far was the recent capture of Joseph Musolino, the most terrible and most dreaded of all the brigands in Italy. Musolino began his criminal career in 1898, when he was condemned to a long term in prison for murder. He managed to escape in a few weeks and revenge became his sole object in life. He inaugurated his mission of blood by murdering eighteen or twenty people who had witnessed against him, afterward setting fire to their property. The Italian government was so alarmed that it deputed a regiment of soldiers to effect his capture, and for three years this regiment, numbering several hundreds of men, aided by a small army of police agents, has been scattered over the province of Calabria, vainly endeavoring to effect Musolino's arrest, and to claim the reward of \$600 which was promised to the captor. In many cases the robber chief was enabled to elude his pursuers by reason of the shelter and protection afforded him by the peasantry, over many of whom he seemed to possess a strange charm. Musolino was finally pressed so close that he crossed the Apennines and endeavored to leave the country, but lost his way one night and fell into the hands of some soldiers who were out, at the time, searching for other robbers.

Jan Kubelik, the Bohemian virtuoso, now in this country under the management of Mr. Frohman, when given a Thanksgiving dinner by Mr. Frohman, declined oysters, didn't like the celery, refused turtle soup and terrapin, but when turkey and pumpkin pie were tried the young fiddler passed up his plate for more of each.

AMONG THE prominent men and princes of the royal blood in China whose sympathies were originally at least with the Empress in her repressive and reactionary policy, none has a more striking personality than Prince Su, whose portrait is given herewith. He has been identified with that element which comprises the vast majority of the Chinese people who prefer to let things run in the old groove cut deep by centuries of use. Because of his strong convictions on this subject, Prince Su was unquestionably in alliance with the Boxers at the outset and did what he could to encourage the expulsion of the foreigners. But he was too shrewd and far-seeing a man to involve himself in the fanatical and murderous proceedings of a later date and showed himself so far averse to the violent course of the rabid element at Peking as to throw open his own palace as a place of refuge for native Christians. It is now expected that he will conform to the demands of necessity and help to reorganize the government to suit the demands of the allied Powers. Prince Su has a large fortune and is reputed to be the handsomest man in China. As to what this means for a standard of manly beauty our readers can judge for themselves.

Secretary of the Treasury Gage is regarded as the most democratic member of the Cabinet. Many instances have been cited in proof of this statement, but the most recent comes from the manager of a Washington theatre, who, having tendered a box to the secretary, received the reply, "Make it two seats and I shall be there."

HENRY C. PAYNE, who succeeds Charles Emory Smith as Postmaster-General, is President Roosevelt's first new Cabinet appointment. Mr. Payne is the embodiment of that political virility characteristic of successful men of the middle west. When he was twenty years old he went from his native state, Massachusetts, to Wisconsin. In less than ten years he was the head and front of the movement to reorganize the Republican party in Milwaukee. Ever since that he has been either secretary or chairman of the Republican state committee. He was postmaster of Milwaukee ten years and was removed by President Cleveland for offensive partisanship. In the national campaigns of 1896 and 1900 he was chosen chairman of the executive committee of the Republican national committee. This evidence of confidence in Mr. Payne's judgment and force was given by Senator Hanna. He had not been in the national councils of his party very long before he proposed to cut down the Congress representation from such southern states as disfranchise the negro. A resolution to this end has been introduced in several national conventions to which Mr. Payne was a delegate. When the national committee met in New York in 1900 Mr. Payne urged the resolution upon the committee and would, it is believed, have succeeded but for the strenuous opposition of Senator Hanna.



\$500, yet the perpetuation of the movement, with a constantly increasing number of beneficiaries, is secured by the attached condition of repayment after graduation. The holders of the scholarships must give small monthly notes payable after graduation, covering the amount of money advanced but bearing no interest before maturity. Quite a number of the mill-men present expressed a willingness to co-operate in this plan, which Mr. Edmonds will endeavor to press to consummation. There seems no reasonable ground for doubt that on the opening of the southern technical schools for the session of 1902-1903, approximately 1,000 scholarships will be ready for a thousand impoverished but ambitious boys, and this would mean several times as many by 1906. The movement is thoroughly practical and carries a world of possibilities.

When Joseph Medill was editor of the Chicago Tribune he was asked by a young man who had been sent by him on a special newspaper mission, to put his autograph in the young man's collection, and "some suitable sentiments to go with it," suggested the correspondent. The following, duly credited to Emerson, was written above the autograph: "Facts are the horror of the in-

Washington's Delightful Dinner Parties

By C. M. C.

DINNERS AMONG the official set at the capital are quite as important in their way as the sessions of Congress, for around the mahogany treaties are made, policies decided upon, and measures of state projected. During the period following the Civil War, when the lobbyists held high carnival in Washington, the dinners given by the "third house of Congress" cost fabulous sums of money—sums that make Cleopatra's feast, where the mythical pearl was dissolved in vinegar to augment its cost, sink into insignificance. In those days more time and thought were devoted to the making of a menu than would have been given to the framing of an amendment to the Constitution; the wines for a single dinner often cost more than the year's salary of a member of Congress, and the outlay for flowers would have been sufficient to endow a hospital. Caterers made fortunes as rapidly as the "Forty-niners" in California, and now and then a poor waiter was enabled to invest in a corner lot by the betrayal of a state secret he had overheard when serving at table; columns of local papers were devoted to the discussion of the menus, description of the decorations, naming of the guests, and drinks and dishes were originated and christened in honor of the famous lobbyists.

One hears less about dinners to-day than at that florid period, but they are none the less popular, none the less a means to an end. Only standards are different; customs have changed. Dinner-giving has become in America, what it has long been in Europe, a fine art. It is the taste of a gourmet that inspires the menu, not the appetite of the gourmand. The caterer no longer flourishes as formerly, when, with his staff of cooks and waiters, he invaded the house of the entertainer and proceeded to load the table with an array and variety of dishes, the mere recollection of which creates dyspeptic pangs. In this progressive age every great house has its own chef and the men-servants, the steward, butler, and footmen, suffice to serve the most elaborate feast without help from outside. Fashion now calls for simple menus. Formerly three and four hours were spent over a stuffy dinner; now, to sit for more than an hour and a half at table is bad form, and two or three instead of six or eight wines are served. Because of these simple fashions dinners are more frequently given than when a formal dinner was an epoch in a household, and there is hardly a hostess at the capital who does not entertain in this way two or three times a week.

President Roosevelt's hospitality is cordial and hearty. Not a day passes that he does not detain some of his callers for luncheon or dinner, and these informal occasions are the most delightful of any at the White House. No change is made in the menu, but there is a feast of reason and a flow of soul that more formal dinners lack. The President unbends gracefully. At his own table and surrounded by his family and friends he is a prince of good fellows and laughs sincerely at

a joke at his own expense. The state dinners at the White House are quite up to the standard, but there will be no vulgar extravagance during the present administration. Neither the President nor Mrs. Roosevelt approve of undue display, and they will set a dignified standard. One feature will be lacking at these state dinners, a feature that can well be spared, the solemnity that has sometimes marked them, which caused a bright woman to exclaim once upon a day: "So that's a state dinner, is it? Well, there was nothing lacking to make it a funeral except the corpse."

Secretary Hay leads official society in dinner-giving as in all other things. His dining-room is a model of good taste, the service perfect, the menus wisely chosen, and among the convives the best and brightest people, the flower of society, are to be found. Secretary Gage follows the Secretary of State as an amphitheater. His dinners were celebrated before he left Chicago to accept the Treasury portfolio, and he has kept up the standard. Secretary Root is in no sense a bon vivant; he is almost a Spartan in the simplicity of his taste, and, while preferring short and simple dinners, puts no limit upon the wit and brilliancy of the guests. The dinners of Secretary Hitchcock and the Postmaster-General have a foreign flavor, and one is sure to meet at their boards some new and unique dish, as likely as not an entrée they learned to like in Russia, where both of them at different times represented this government. Attorney-General Knox has one of the most accomplished chefs in Washington, who will maintain the reputation his master has already established as a dinner-giver. Secretary Long lives in an apartment and entertains but rarely. His annual dinner to the President is the only ambitious function he undertakes, but the friends who drop in informally are sure of a good dinner and a warm welcome. The Secretary of Agriculture is most hospitable, and beside several formal, gives many informal dinners during the season, at which good stories are to be had, good cheer received.

Of the dinner-givers in the Senate, Mr. Hale is without doubt the most notable. The number of guests he invites to his table is invariably small, the food perfectly cooked, the wines flawless, and the conversation, directed by this accomplished man, of the very best. But above all things the senior Senator from Maine enjoys meeting the bright lights from Bohemia. Langtry lunched in his committee-room and furnished a topic for nine days of gossip; Bernhardt has been his guest, and Ellen Terry and Henry Irving have tasted his hospitality. Senator McMillan spends a small fortune each year in entertaining. His dinners are elegant and beyond criticism, but he rarely invites any one outside of his own set, and theatrical people, such as Senator Hale delights in, never gain an entrée to his house. Wit and cleverness are passports to Senator Depew's table. He chooses his guests from among the citizens of the world, and one is never bored when he is host. Senator Lodge is also

catholic in selecting his guests, and Senator Elkins, whose great fortune enables him to take the lead in all social matters, is an assiduous dinner-giver.

The diplomatic corps has always done a generous share of the entertaining at the capital, and its members are prompt in returning social civilities. The dinners at the British embassy are as characteristic as one could wish. The lion and the unicorn in their endless battle for the crown appear on all the table furniture; the plate was a gift to the embassy from the late Queen; the china, rare and beautiful, is all of English make, and one is sure of getting as typical a dinner at the ambassador's table as could be had in "the tight little isle" itself. Lord Pauncefote is most scrupulous in observing the forms of etiquette. No one ever had cause to complain at being wrongly placed at his table. He is perfectly informed as to the rules of precedence in vogue here, and invariably insists upon the position and consideration due his rank. He has several times sent regrets at the last moment on hearing he was to be seated at dinner below those whom he considered his inferior in rank, and once, as is widely known, the foreign office was compelled to interfere and settle a dispute regarding the ambassador's official standing.

Entertaining at the English embassy is very characteristic, but this is not true of the other embassies and legations, all of which have adopted the popular standard, and to dine at the Chinese or Japanese legations is quite as commonplace an experience as it would be to dine at the house of any rich man with an excellent chef and well-trained servants. The German ambassador is a bachelor, and Monsieur Cambon's family have never joined him in this country, but the absence of chatelaines from the head of their embassies does not deter these popular diplomats from entertaining, and their dinners leave nothing to be desired.

General Miles entertains in a manner consistent with his high rank, and long before Admiral Dewey became famous as the hero of Manila Bay, he was famous for the perfect little dinners he gave at the Metropolitan Club. Mrs. Leiter and Mrs. Townsend are both notable dinner-givers, and invitations to their houses are eagerly welcomed, for not only is the service elegant, but one is sure to meet there any distinguished people who may be staying in town. The gayest circle is to be found without doubt at Mrs. Slater's, and her dinners are the smartest, the most up-to-date; but they lack the piquancy and flavor one finds at Mrs. Barney's, who does not confine her invitations to the fashionable set, but seeks her guests among artists and literary people, and is the presiding genius of a salon as near like the French standard of the eighteenth century as can be found nowadays. The Boardmans entertain constantly and handsomely, and among the younger set the Clarence Moores, who have taken the Morgan house on Scott Circle, take the lead in dinner-giving.

Cuba's First President.

THE ELECTORS of the Pearl of the Antilles, the latest comer in the sisterhood of the world's republics, have made a wise and fitting choice in the selection of General Tomas Estrada Palma as their first chief executive. A man better qualified by character, experience, and attainments to guide the Cuban ship of state during the first stretches of what, we may hope, will prove to be a long, peaceful, and happy voyage, could not be found than General Palma. He comes to his high and honored office also as a veteran in the Cuban service, as one who deserves the promotion by reason of the suffering and sacrifice he endured in the cause of Cuban independence during the long, dark, and weary years of Spanish domination.

General Palma was born at Bayama, Cuba, sixty-three years ago. He studied law at the University of Seville, Spain, but never practiced. His first experiences as a revolutionist took place in the ten years' war of 1868-1878, in the early part of which his mother had been captured and starved to death by the Spaniards. Her death made him heir to an extensive estate, which the

Spaniards promptly confiscated. He became President of the Cuban republic, as it then existed, but was captured in 1877 and kept in prison for a year, or until hostilities ceased. Scoring to remain under the hated Spanish rule, Palma, upon his release, went to Honduras, Central America, in which state he eventually rose to the position of postmaster-general. While in this office he married a daughter of General Guardiola. A few years later he came to this country and settled at Central Valley, a pretty town in Orange County, some fifty miles from New York, and has resided there ever since, having an office at the same time in the metropolis which has been the headquarters of exiled Cuban patriots and sympathizers, and from which many operations were directed for the benefit of the struggling Cuban people.

During the last war in which Uncle Sam took a leading and successful hand, General Palma did excellent service as a delegate-at-large and minister plenipotentiary in the United States for the insurgent republic. Not the least among his qualifications as President of Cuba is General Palma's intimate and thorough knowledge of American civil and political institutions, gained by his long residence in the country and his acquaintance with many of our foremost public men, by whom he is trusted and highly esteemed. With such a man at the head of the island government our relations with Cuba cannot fail to be cordial, sympathetic, and mutually helpful.

Beautiful Women in the Louisiana Province.

EIGHT MONTHS ago the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* started a contest to ascertain who was the most beautiful woman among the 15,000,000 residents of the dozen states and two territories of the Louisiana province which Bonaparte transferred to Jefferson in 1803. The competition included every important town in that vast empire. It was made by examinations of photographs, and the award has been given to Miss Annye Mae Yeager, of Monticello, Mo., which has only about 250 inhabitants, but which is the county seat of Lewis County, and thus is a place of some local importance. The jury of experts who made the award was composed of Messrs. Charles M. Kurtz, assistant director of fine

arts for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition; Robert Bringhurst, a well-known sculptor, and Charles Ward Rhodes, curator of paintings of the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, assisted by a committee of three from the Artists' Guild of St. Louis. The photographs were known to the jury by numbers only, so that there could be no suspicion of partiality. Over 125 photographs were examined by this commission, each representing a woman who had been awarded, by a local jury, the honor of being the most beautiful woman in her community.

Miss Yeager will be twenty years of age on January 30th, 1902. She is five feet four inches in height, weighs 118 pounds, is graceful, active, and vivacious, has sunshiny golden hair, and a delicate apple-blossom complexion, is an accomplished equestrienne, and is exceedingly popular among the young people in her locality. Recently she was elected assistant cashier of the Monticello Savings Bank, of which her brother-in-law, Mr. George Marchand, is cashier. The Marchands are one of the most prominent families in Lewis County. Miss Yeager was born in Danville, Ky., where her ancestors have resided for several generations.



PRESIDENT TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA.



MISS ANNYE MAE YEAGER, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

The Redemption of New York

THE EXTENT of the revolution in the control of the city government of New York brought about by the recent victory of the fusion ticket over the forces of Tammany Hall can best be shown by a comparison of the careers of the men who hold city offices now with the records of the corresponding office-holders of the Tammany Hall administration. Stated briefly, these records follow:

Mayor—

Seth Low—A scholar. Graduate of Columbia. Twice mayor of Brooklyn. An able administrator of public affairs. A successful business man. Head of a great educational institution—Columbia University.

Robert A. Van Wyck—Graduate of Columbia Law School. Early entered Tammany Hall, withdrew, and then re-entered to become one of its most servile followers. Practiced law. Elected judge of city court.

Corporation Council—

George L. Rives—Graduate of Columbia University and Law School, and of Trinity College, Cambridge, England. Trustee of Columbia and of the New York Public Library. President of the Rapid Transit Commission. President of the commission to revise the charter of greater New York. An able lawyer and business man.

John Whalen—Attended St. John's College, Fordham. Graduate of the University of the City of New York. Faithful Tammany follower. Tax commissioner under Mayor Gilroy.

City Chamberlain—

E. R. L. Gould—Graduate of Victoria University, Toronto, Canada, and a fellow in Johns Hopkins University. Studied economic and social problems eight years in Europe. Doctor of Philosophy in Johns Hopkins. Member of the faculty of the University of Chicago. A superb scholar.

Patrick Keenan—A plumber. A member of the board of aldermen. County clerk. A Tammany machine politician for a quarter of a century. Business, race horses and politics.

Commissioner of Water Supply—

J. Hampton Dougherty—A prominent lawyer. President of the law department of the Brooklyn Institute. A student of the problem of supplying water to New York. Foremost in the defense of Brooklyn against private water companies. Leader in civic movements.

William Dalton Carpenter—A Tammany politician from his youth. Member of state Assembly. Deputy street-cleaning commissioner. Excise commissioner under Mayor Gilroy.

Fire Commissioner—

Thomas Sturgis—A native New Yorker who, after service in the Civil War, went to Cheyenne, Wyo., where he became a ranchman and banker. Returned to New York and took prominent place in building industry. Fire commissioner under Mayor Strong.

John J. Scannell—Promoted band concerts and long-distance walking matches. Horseman. For many years a Tammany leader. Appointed fire commissioner by Mayor Gilroy. Tried for murder and acquitted on plea of insanity.

Deputy Police Commissioner—

Lieutenant-Colonel N. B. Thurston—Employed when a boy in a grain store and rose to become manager. Entered national guard and was promoted step by step to present rank. A fine organizer and disciplinarian.

William S. Devery—Rose from rank of patrolman to be the most odious and notorious of New York's chiefs of police. Under his control gambling thrived and traffic in the honor of young girls flourished. While police captain was dismissed for accepting money from disorderly house. Reinstated by court on A Tammany leader with brains.

Police Commissioner—

Colonel John Partridge—A trained soldier in the regular army and national guard. Police commissioner of Brooklyn under Mayor Low. Fire commissioner of Brooklyn. Superintendent state board of public works. Foremost in the organization and improvement of national guard.

Colonel Michael C. Murphy—Painter by trade. Veteran of the Civil War. Since that time has made his living in politics. Six terms in state Legislature. Five years in state Senate. President of board of health early in Van Wyck's administration. A Tammany leader with brains.

Health Commissioner—

Ernest J. Lederle—Educated at New York University, and graduate of Columbia. Expert chemist. Seven years assistant health commissioner. Five years chief chemist.

John B. Sexton—Educated in the common schools. Associated with his father in mineral water business. For a score of years a Tammany office-holder, and for ten years district leader. An under sheriff during five terms. Sheriff. Police commissioner.

Street Cleaning Commissioner—

Dr. J. M. Woodbury—Graduate of Princeton and of the Bellevue Hospital Medical School; studied in Vienna and Heidelberg. Was sanitary inspector for Porto Rico. Sent abroad by the United States government to study sanitary conditions in the German army. Appointed to meet scientifically the problems of keeping the city clean.

Percival E. Nagle—A race-track book-maker, saloon-keeper, and Tammany leader.

At the Mayor's Office—

William L. Moran—An educated young lawyer who, under the new administration, will devote his time to giving information and receiving complaints of those who call at the mayor's office. Through him visitors will be given every consideration and attention.

A burly policeman was on duty at Mayor Van Wyck's office.

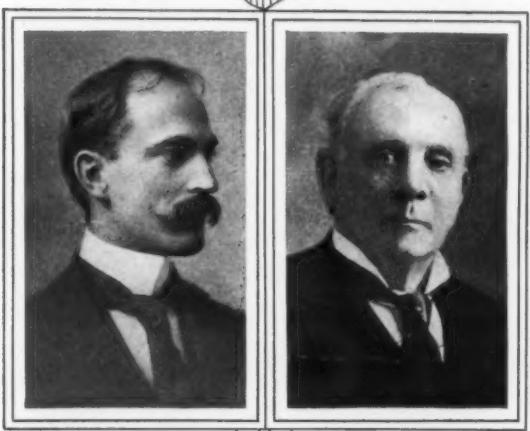


MAYOR SETH LOW, JAN. 1ST, 1902.



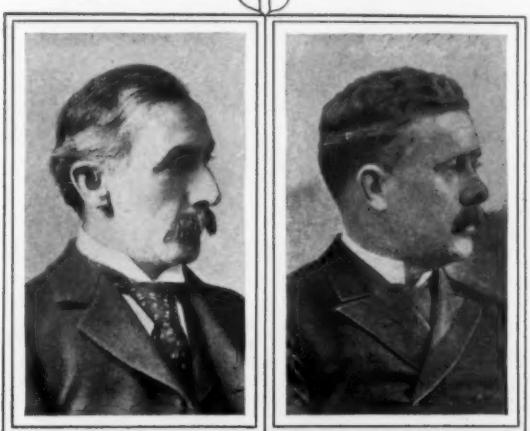
GEORGE L. RIVES.

JOHN WHALEN.



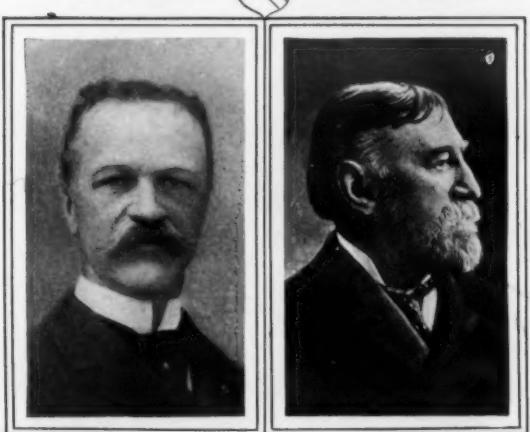
E. R. L. GOULD.

PATRICK KEENAN.



J. H. DOUGHERTY.

WILLIAM DALTON.



THOMAS STURGIS.

JOHN J. SCANNELL.

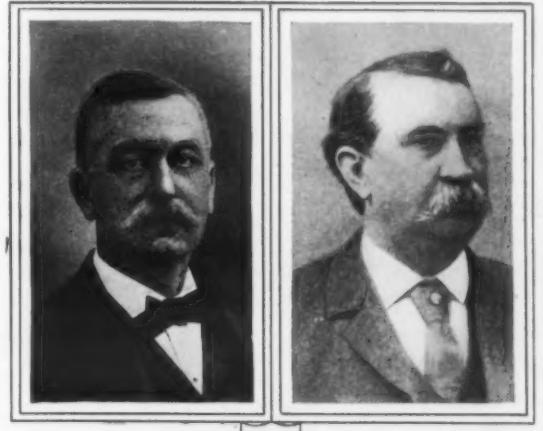


COLONEL N. B. THURSTON.

WILLIAM S. DEVERY.

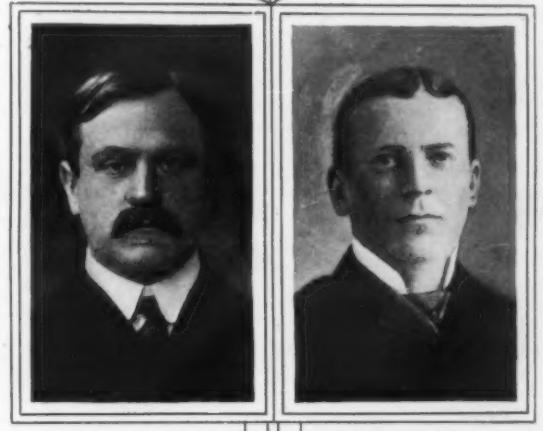


EX-MAYOR ROBERT A. VAN WYCK, 1898-1902.



COLONEL JOHN PARTRIDGE.

MICHAEL C. MURPHY.



E. J. LEDERLE.

JOHN B. SEXTON.



DR. J. M. WOODBURY.

PERCIVAL E. NAGLE.



WILLIAM L. MORAN.

AN UNCIVIL POLICEMAN.

The American Invasion of Europe

By Julian Ralph

JUSTICE BREWER, in his address before the New England Society of Pennsylvania, held that the silent forces of commerce and religion have done more to make us "a more important factor in the world's thought" than was done by our war with Spain. For this statement he has been a great deal criticised and somewhat ridiculed. Yet, I believe there is more of sound truth in his argument than in any that has been directed against it.

What our war with Spain did for us was precisely what, in a lesser way, was done when our country secured a contract to build a great steel bridge in the Nile region for the British-Egyptian authorities, and what was done later when other Americans secured the contract for laying a great system of mains in one of the Scotch cities. Each of these developments startled the Europeans. They advertised our progress further and more generally among foreigners than a myriad of smaller ones among "the slow forces of commerce" had been able to do. To use a very homely and trifling illustration, yet one which exactly meets the case, the Spanish war did for us what Sir Thomas Lipton hoped to do for his business had he won the America's Cup.

But the slow forces of our commerce—I cannot see why Justice Brewer coupled our religion with our commerce—had been at work for many years before we gave our importance the huge advertisement of the war against Spain. Years earlier Germany began a defensive course against the introduction of certain of our food supplies into her markets. At nearly the same time we gave great concern to many and varied British interests by under-selling their own manufacturers of bicycles, sewing-machines, shoes, and, finally—to pass over many other goods—those steel rails in whose production England had long led all the world.

Those Americans who lived in Europe six or seven years ago are able to testify to the silence and slowness with which American goods appeared to be making their way over there. Let us recall the facts as they were noted in England particularly, and let us take the date of the Cleveland Venezuelan message as a starting point. The activity and enterprise of the Germans was very much to the fore in English thought at that period. Our firm and threatening attitude toward England was received with a shock of pain at first, followed by an outburst of friendly demonstrations. We had hit the British pocket a severer blow than Mr. Cleveland's message dealt to her pride, but the people were not yet aware of it. They were only too well aware of and alarmed at the inroads of German commerce, and when, almost at the same date, the Emperor William sent a friendly message to Paul Krüger all Great Britain flew to anger, and there was a very near approach to war between the two countries. This was because on every hand the

English citizen saw German goods displacing those of home manufacture.

In the main the German success seemed to me along the line of cheap and petty goods as compared to ours; but while our American rails and locomotives, dentists' and surgical tools, sewer pipes, hoisting engines, and the like, bespeak an immense displacement of important industries, they made no such general show and advertisement of our rivalry as did the miles of windows full of picture postal cards, cheap pocket cutlery, low-priced china and earthen ware, flimsy imitation bronze and brass work which Germany was pouring into England by the ship-load. A silent force, indeed, was our commerce, but it damaged England's wage list by pounds sterling, while Germany noisily satisfied herself with the reaping of England's pennies—to put the case roughly and as it appeared to the English.

Three and a half years ago an errand took me to the London docks, and there I saw what America was doing as it could not be seen in any other place except in the scattered records of a thousand manufactories. There I saw acres upon acres of American goods newly landed from the ships at the wharf-sides. There were literal hills of bicycles, other hills of grain, train-loads of agricultural implements, electrical apparatus, hoisting and pumping machinery, steam engines, patent medicines, petroleum, wagons and carriages—a thousand differing products of our work-shops.

At this time the bulk of our importations into Great Britain began to cast its shadow upon the pages of the press, but the slow old country slept on undisturbed, and the editors treated the new development as an episode, chronicling the more important details of the revolution and printing the plaints of those who were being hurt in pocket, but invariably comparing American and British goods, greatly to the disadvantage of our wares. Eighteen months ago I saw the last of these self-satisfied complacent comments in the form of a statement that the London and Northwestern Railway had found some good features in American locomotives; "but the American engines lack the graceful outlines and the beauty of the English locomotives."

The German lands—Germany, Prussia, and Austria—are hit no harder than England, nor are they losing as much by our enterprise, but they feel it more. England is very rich as the outcome of a mastery of the world's trade for 150 years, but the Germans are not and never were a wealthy people, and the enormous burden of their huge armies and of the naval development that the Kaiser is forcing upon his branch of that race leaves them unable to endure our commercial inroads without great suffering. Both Germany and Austria I found to be yielding to a feeling of fear of us, which is all too likely to develop into hatred, whereas the English are

simply straining to master the secret of our success and the cause of their own backwardness. It is a strange development to record, but they are full of admiration of and pride in us, and will become more and more and more so as long as they feel that we are friendly to them; for they have no other friend among the nations of the earth which have so long looked on and coveted their wealth.

In Vienna last summer I found the feeling against us almost angry. The retail tradesmen were complaining of the agencies and stores we were setting up for the introduction of American goods, which the people persisted in buying because they were cheaper and better than the home-made articles. The taxes were so heavy, rents were so excessive, the laws were so harsh, and the labor was so inferior to ours that there seemed no chance for the Austrian manufacturer or retailer to meet us on an even footing. The situation in all the Teutonic lands was aptly expressed in the Berlin Reichstag on December 10th, when Count Kanitz declared that "the shaping of our commercial relations with America is our most important task for the next ten years."

In only one corner of the earth have we been beaten and that is in Manchuria, a grand market where we once sold millions of dollars' worth of goods annually but are now shut out completely. Russia has not only seized Manchuria, but she has so Russianized it and so arranged her future there that when she nominally withdraws, the great region will be under her control. Germany has made a bargain with Russia by which she alone is to be allowed to trade there side by side with the Russians. Those two nations have slammed the door in America's face.

But everywhere else we must win and for a long time remain the master-traders. We began to widen our markets as soon as we ceased to be humbugged by the notion that we could not compete with the "cheap labor of Europe." We discovered that the cheapness of that labor was a myth. We found that, as it took two or three Europeans to do one American's work and to do it badly, that labor was far dearer, far more highly paid than ours. We owe our success to our climate, our ingenuity in labor-saving devices, to the higher intelligence of our working-men, and to the discovery that European pauper-labor was in truth the costliest labor in the world. To undo the mischief of inferior labor in Europe will require the lifetime of a generation at least, and we have but one danger in our path. That is the danger of a short-sighted abuse of their power by the labor organizations. They have done their cause untold mischief abroad, especially in England, and it is not reasonable to suppose that they will ever repeat their mistakes upon this soil.

This is a splendid tribute to the noble men and women of the west, who have done so much to make our country what it is—among the foremost nations of the world.

Black and Rich

IS THE WAY POSTUM COFFEE SHOULD BE.

A LIQUID food that will help a person break a bad habit is worth knowing of. The president of one of the state associations of the W. C. T. U., who naturally does not want her name given, writes as follows: "Whenever I was obliged to go without coffee for breakfast a dull, distracting headache would come on before noon. I discovered that, in reality, the nerves were crying out for their accustomed stimulant."

"At evening dinner I had been taught by experience that I must refrain from coffee or pass a sleepless night. In the summer of 1900, while visiting a physician and his wife, I was served with a most excellent coffee at their dainty and elegant table and, upon inquiry, discovered that this charming beverage was Postum Food Coffee and that the family had been greatly benefited by leaving off coffee and using Postum."

"I was in love with it, and so pleased with the glimpse of freedom from my one bondage of habit and so thoroughly convinced that I ought to break with my captor that upon my return home I at once began the use of Postum Food Coffee and have continued it ever since, now more than a year."

"I don't know what sick headache is now, and my nerves are steady and I sleep sound generally eight hours regularly. I used to become bilious frequently and require physic, now seldom ever have that experience."

"I have learned that long boiling is absolutely essential to furnish good Postum. That makes it clear, black and rich as any Mocha and Java blend. Please withhold my name, but you may use the letter for the good it may do."

Feeding to Fit

is the problem with infants. The growing child has ever changing needs, but a perfect milk can never go amiss. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the acme of substitute feeding. Send 10c. for "Baby's Diary," 71 Hudson St., N. Y.

SUCCESS is built upon health. Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, builds the health. At druggists'.

The Great West Forty Years Ago.

IN READING the "Early Empire Builders of the Great West," as written by Moses K. Armstrong, a pioneer Congressman," says a recent issue of the New York Times, "it is difficult to refrain from an outburst of enthusiasm." To think that in the short space of only forty years men now living have seen and helped to reclaim a great empire from savage tribes, and have transformed the same into six great states of the Union. Prior to 1861 there was no North or South Dakota, no Montana, Idaho, or Wyoming by name on our maps. They were all a part of the great territory of Dakota, which had just been organized by an act of Congress approved by President Buchanan.

It contained, by census, only about 2,000 inhabitants, but it was larger in area than all the New England and eastern states combined. The jurisdiction of the first territorial legislature, of which Mr. Armstrong was a member, extended over the great western empire from Minnesota to the Rocky Mountains.

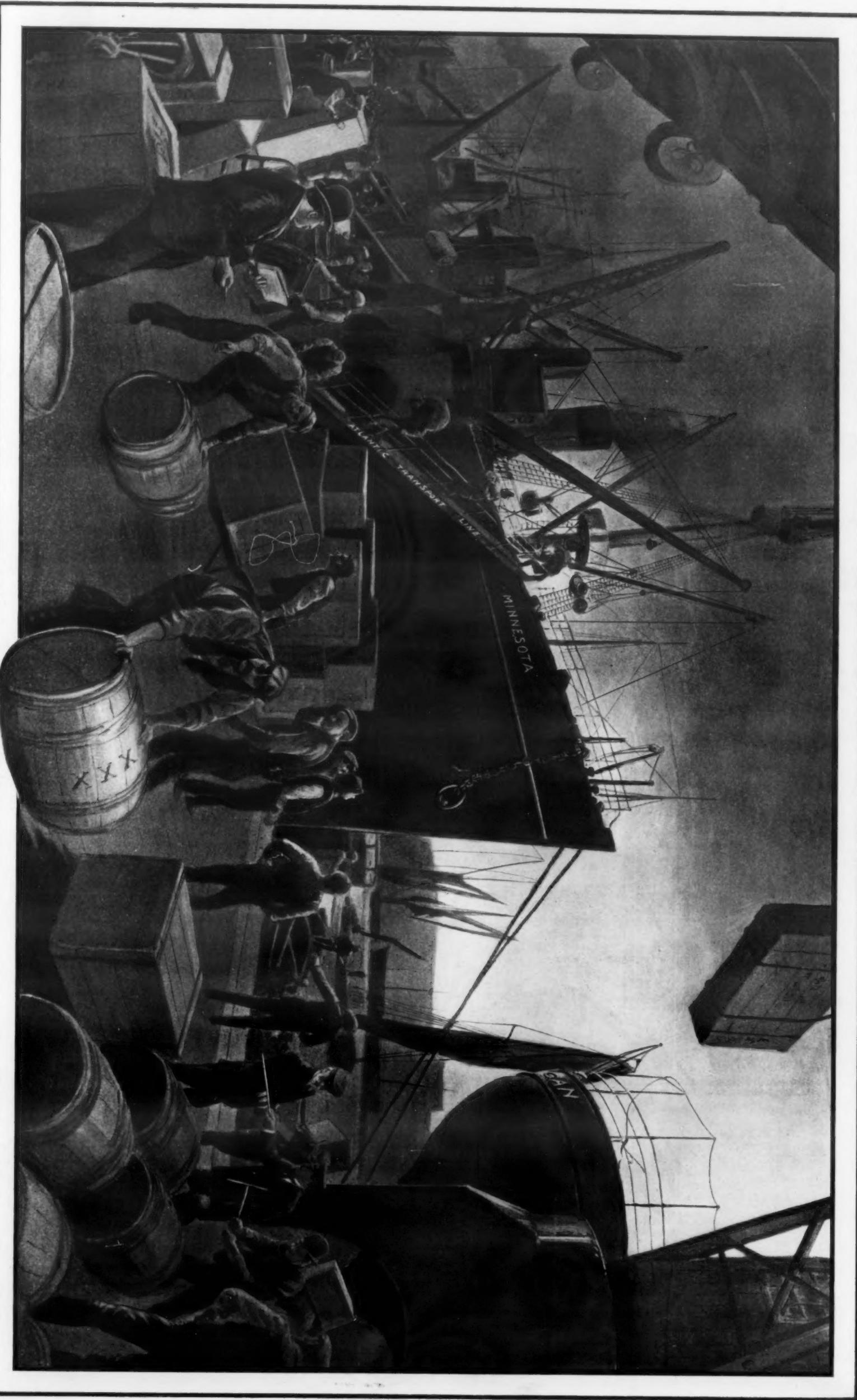
The Times's review becomes philosophical in its contemplation of this great west, and its unknown potentiality, and asks who can prophesy what the future is to be. It asserts that we are making our essay in the colonization of empire. It is not enough to take and hold territory as in the Oriental countries, but we must exercise wise judgment and discretion; and, above all, rule on the sole principles of justice and religious freedom. As Americans we may be prone to self-laudation, but we do possess certain other and higher traits for which we are to be envied by other nations. In this light Mr. Armstrong's early history of the beginnings in the great west is fraught with human interest.

They founded states as monuments,
To stand through coming years,
And laid their deep foundations
In toil, and blood, and tears.

As far back as thirty years ago Mr. Armstrong was twice elected to represent Dakota territory in Con-



MOSES K. ARMSTRONG,
An empire-builder of the
great West.



THE AMERICAN INVASION OF EUROPE.
UNLOADING THE PRODUCTS OF UNCLE SAM'S BUSY FACTORIES AT THE DOCKS OF LONDON.

From a drawing by Charles M. Sheldon in "Black and White." See page 54.

Where All the Bananas Come From

By Captain R. Lee Byrd

THE MAGNITUDE of the banana industry is not realized by the consumers of that succulent fruit in the states. When we buy of the street stands we never stop to think how they are supplied. Few of us know that one company alone has sixty-seven steamships engaged exclusively in the banana-carrying trade.

Bocas del Toro, republic of Colombia, the scene of a recent revolutionary attack, is the largest banana port in the world and probably the only city that may be said to exist entirely by that industry.

And this brings us to Chiriquicito plantation. This immense farm, lying on Chiriqui Lagoon, was started a few years ago by L. H. Hein and later bought by M. T. Snyder. The Snyder company enlarged it as they improved other properties, which were finally merged into the United Fruit Company, known as the Banana Trust.

This process has gone on steadily until Chiriquicito now has 5,793 acres under actual cultivation. To facilitate the handling of the fruit from this vast area there are seventeen miles of railway on the plantation and nine miles under construction. The trains are drawn by three locomotives of the most approved type and manufactured in the States. The output is at present from 55,000 to 60,000 bunches per month and requires an army of 800 men to handle. Bananas recently planted will begin bearing in a few months and bring the total production up to 90,000 to 100,000 bunches and require the addition of 200 men, raising the army to 1,000.

For housing the present force and for administrative purposes 145 buildings were erected. To supply these men four large commissaries are operated.

A recent flood washed away a steel bridge that carried the railway across the Guaramo River, which runs through the plantation. The line of the railway has been slightly changed and this bridge is being replaced by a new steel structure, one span of which measures 370 feet; there are also four shorter spans.

Chiriquicito is administered by a force of fifteen white men. The majority of these are Americans. In addition to splendid salaries they receive their expenses

and medical attendance at an up-to-date hospital erected by the company near Bocas del Toro. This force consists of the manager, assistant manager, book-keepers, store-keepers, civil engineers, conductors, engineers, foremen, etc.

The history of a bunch of bananas until it reaches the States is one of many handlings. To begin at the beginning:

Underbrushers go into the virgin jungle with machetes and clear away the undergrowth. Engineers follow and run the lines for the windrows—usually from twenty to thirty feet wide, while the plants are from six to eight feet apart in the rows. These are usually north and south, that the sun may reach both sides of the plants. Bananas grow about thirty feet high, so require this distance to prevent shading the roots. As soon as the stakes are set planting begins. "Suckers," or bulbs dug from the roots of older bananas, are placed in small holes at each stake.

The axe-men follow the planters and fell the trees. This is not done sooner as the timber is so thick it would seriously handicap the movements of the engineers. Here the labor is suspended, except road-building, for six months. If there is little rain the fallen trees soon dry and are sometimes burned as they lie, though the usual method is to allow them to rot on the ground, a process accomplished very quickly in the tropics. At the end of this six months the plantation is given a thorough cleaning with machetes, and then another at the end of the second six months, by which time the first bananas can be cut from the trees.

These trees are called "suckers" and bear one bunch each. The cutting is done with long, sharpened sticks which are jabbed into the sucker a few feet below the bunch. The weight of the fruit then causes the stem to bend over until it falls within reach of the cutter, who severs it with a sharp machete, afterward cutting down the now useless sucker. As several suckers are allowed to grow at each root and as they are "limited" at each cleaning, a constant supply at all stages of growth is kept up in the plantation, thus enabling them to cut two or three times per week. Plowing is only

done at the end of ten or twelve years, when replanting is needed.

The fruit is "backed" out to the bridle-paths by men who follow the cutters. Here it is packed on horses to the railroad. The cars are open and are carefully matted with banana trash or old banana leaves to prevent bruising the fruit. The trains are rushed down to the pier, where the bunches are quickly transferred to lighters. By the time these are loaded the steamer arrives and large naphtha launches tow them alongside. The bunches are always laid flat when handled in the plantation, but in stowing the stevedores on the steamers place them in an upright position.

At the steamers they are classified as wholes, halves, and quarters, having nine, eight, and seven "hands" respectively. Fruit is bought in the open market at steamer side for about twenty-two cents per bunch.

The majority of the laborers are Jamaican negroes, though quite a number of natives and even a few Indians are employed. The average wage is about sixty cents per day, except to the Indians, who receive about twenty-five cents.

There are other large and numberless small plantations about the lagoons near Bocas. The planters receive notices from the fruit offices in Bocas when to cut. These are based on cables from the States stating the arrival of the steamers. These cables are brought down from Port Limon, Costa Rica, in dug-out canoes, frail craft with a penchant for capsizing, which cover the sixty miles of open sea in almost any weather.

A steamship pier is being constructed at Chiriquicito, and when completed a steamer can be loaded from this one plantation. The loading will be done by machinery that will transfer the bananas direct from the car to the hold of the vessel.

Chiriqui Grande, a village of 1,000 population, has sprung into being near the pier at Chiriquicito.

The exportation of bananas from the port of Bocas del Toro now amounts to upward of 300,000 bunches per month, and with new land already planted will reach the 500,000 mark in a few months.

BOCAS DEL TORO, COLOMBIA.

Amusements in New York.

WE ARE having, at the Empire Theatre, what might possibly pass for a society comedy, but what is really a sentimental drama, of very fragile construction, without much plot, but yet exceedingly clever and interesting. It is by H. V. Esmond, and was presented with great success in London. It is chiefly noticeable for the prominence into which it brings one of the most remarkable young women of the stage, Miss Margaret Anglin. This young lady has not aspired, so far as the public knows, to be a star, but that is her destiny, if she lives and continues to develop the talent she has so noticeably displayed in Mr. Frohman's companies during the past two or three years. Mr. Esmond's comedy, "The Wilderness," in its final essence, centres its interest upon a young woman of a light and trifling disposition, who marries a wealthy man, more to display her capacity for matrimonial intrigue than anything else, and who, finding herself supremely happy in her wedded life, and deeply in love with her husband, after all, finally confesses to him her early deception, which was quite innocent, all things being considered. This would scarcely seem to afford sufficient depth of plot to sustain a three-act play, and there are times when the dialogue appears to drag a little, but Miss Anglin is so bright, keen, alert, and captivating in her naturalness of conduct and demeanor, that the interest is continuous. It is in the climax of the play that she reveals the splendid resources of her talent. There is such a blending of the pitiful and the pathetic in her passionate and honest declaration of her real self that the scene brings tears to the eyes of the beholders. It is the most distinct triumph that Miss Anglin has achieved, and she makes it herself. Mr. Richman, with his pleasant voice and agreeable manners, does well with the part of a nobleman, and the support by Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, W. H. Crompton, William Courtenay, Ethel Hornick, and Margaret Dale is good.

The "Old Guard" will give its annual ball and reception, celebrating its seventy-sixth anniversary, at the Metropolitan Opera House Thursday night, January 23d. The ball will be more select socially than any of the former occasions of the kind. No tickets will be sold this year, and only those who have been invited by officers or members of the guard will join in the dance. There will be beautiful decorations and music from the Old Guard's and other bands. In the Old Guard are many men prominent in commercial and social life in New York, and many distinguished persons will be present at their annual entertainment.

The new Winter Garden at the New York Theatre, recently opened by the Messrs. Sire, with the lively play of "The Supper Club," in which Virginia Earle, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, George Fuller Golden, Ada Lewis, and other favorites have leading parts, is the only entertainment place of the kind in America, and its novelty, as well as the melodious music and the enchanting chorus girls in Sydney Rosenfeld's production, attracts interested crowds.

The return of May Irwin to the Bijou for her annual engagement is always awaited with interest by a large

number of her admirers. In "The Widow Jones" Miss Irwin introduces her best coon songs, including some popular new ones. Her support is excellent, especially that of H. F. Robert and Miss Florence Reed.

The best that can be said of the new three-act comedy by Basil Hood, "Sweet and Twenty," at the Madison Square Theatre, is that it is harmless. It is very sentimental, not lively in action, and, outside of an excellent characterization of Prynne, an odd man, by Sidney Drew, has little of the comedy element. Two brothers, one a churchman and the other a reckless sailor, both are in love with the same young lady. The churchman turns out to be a sneak and a liar, and the sailor boy, after sowing his wild oats, reforms and wins the girl. Miss Annie O'Neill is the heroine, and though not exactly "sweet and twenty," she is sweet and simple, if not very forceful. A bright little chap, Donald Galbraith, who plays the part of a little child delightfully, and Harry B. Stanford, Richard Bennett, and Eleanor Sanford, are excellent in their parts. The play is handsomely mounted.

JASON.

"Time Is Money."

A DOUBLE MEANING and a practical significance attaches to the above adage when applied to the business of the United States Electric Clock Co.

There is no industry in the manufacturing world today showing a larger percentage of profits than the manufacture of clocks. Not one clock company has ever been known to close down for want of orders; in fact, the records show fewer failures in this line of industry than in any other business on earth. In no other industry is the manufactured supply so far behind the demand, every clock manufactory, as inquiry develops, having more orders than they can fill. And all this, too, with a clock which has not had a single improvement made in its mechanism for more than seventy-five years past. Just why inventive genius has paid so little attention to such an important article of everyday use is a question no one seems to be able to decide. The works of the ordinary clock to-day are as cumbersome and complicated as they were 100 years ago. Within the last few years, however, modern inventive genius has been at work upon a clock which

at one bound covers the whole period of the past century with a new, modern, up-to-date clock, which is certain to supersede every weight or spring clock in existence. From a mechanical standpoint it is the most complete timepiece ever discovered. Its principal feature is the electrical force which overcomes the one great objection to all other timepieces—the necessity of winding.

How is this done?

By electrically and automatically raising a small



weight. When the weight falls to a certain point it closes an electrical circuit which carries it back to the position from which it started. This process is repeated about every two minutes.

In the old style weight clock, about a six-pound weight had to be lifted (by hand-winding) every seven days, the weight in that period of time traveling a distance of nearly four feet. In the simple description of this great improvement is readily seen one of the greatest and most ingenious achievements of the day. A dry battery, connected with the ingenious apparatus patented by this company, accomplishes what, in its way, may be regarded in the nature of a revolution.

Electricity does not run the clock; a little gravity weight runs it.

This clock is being placed on the market by the United States Electric Clock Company of 102 Fulton Street, New York.

The company does not anticipate, for a long time, at least, being able to supply the demand that will result from the marketing of this wonderful clock. The returns to the company will, without doubt, be sufficient to enable it to pay dividends that will be nothing short of sensational.

A limited amount of treasury stock is offered by the company. This stock is non-assessable, and the company is incorporated under the laws of the state of New York. As an opportunity for prudent investors the stock offers exceptional inducements. To those seeking a first-class industrial investment it can be truthfully stated the opportunities for profits in an enterprise of this nature are boundless. About ten factories produce 10,000,000 clocks annually in the United States, and this company will eventually secure—an account of its superior clock—more than its proportionate share of this trade.

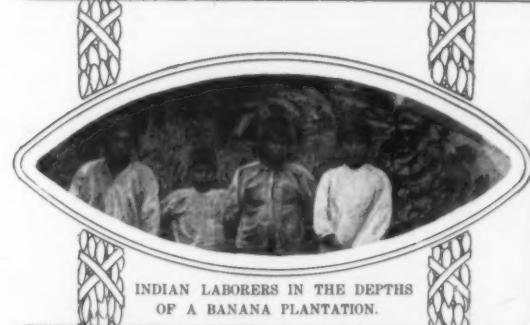
A prospectus just issued, intelligently explains the clock industry and will be sent on application to Mr. William Townsend, treasurer, 102 Fulton Street, New York.

Less Candidates for the Ministry.

THAT THERE is foundation for the alarm recently sounded in the religious press over a dearth of candidates for the ministry is evidenced by the annual catalogue of Princeton Theological Seminary, just out, which shows that that institution has twenty-three students less than it had last year. It is stated, in this connection, that in 1896 there were 1,500 students in the Presbyterian seminaries of the United States, whereas there are now about 900, a falling off of more than one-third. Other denominations are complaining of a similar lack of recruits for the ministry. It is said that the seminary authorities at Princeton ascribe the falling off in candidates largely to the opening of the new possessions of the United States, which seem to appeal to the business instincts of the American youth. This may have something to do with the case, but we fear there are other reasons larger and of more serious significance in their bearing on the future of the church.



BRINGING BANANAS DOWN THE PUMPKIN RIVER, AT BOCAS DEL TORO.



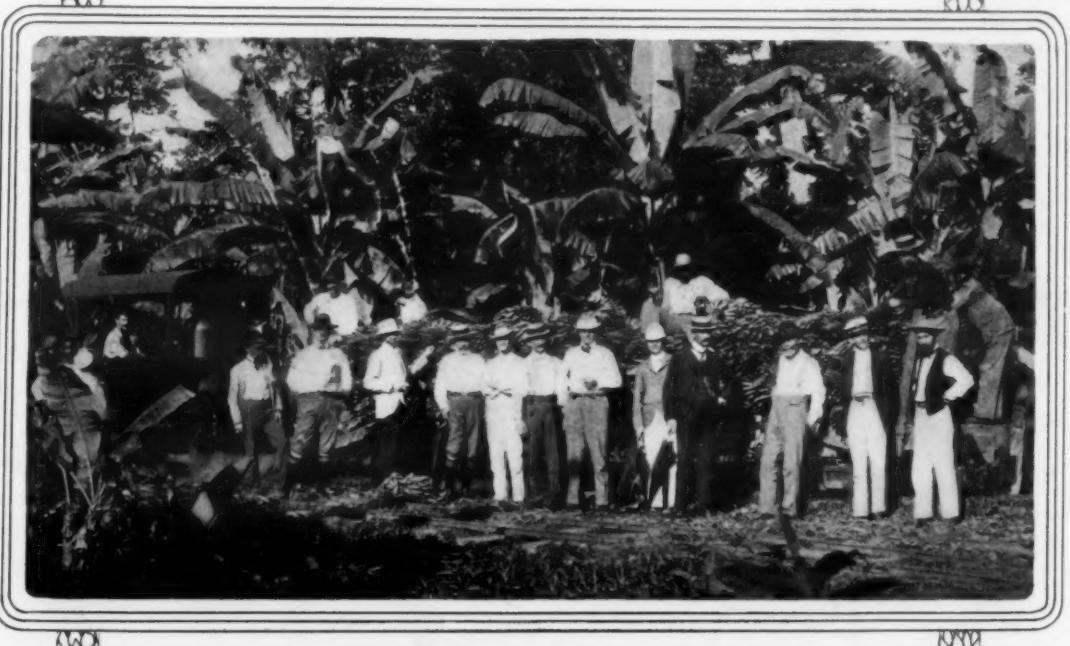
INDIAN LABORERS IN THE DEPTHS OF A BANANA PLANTATION.



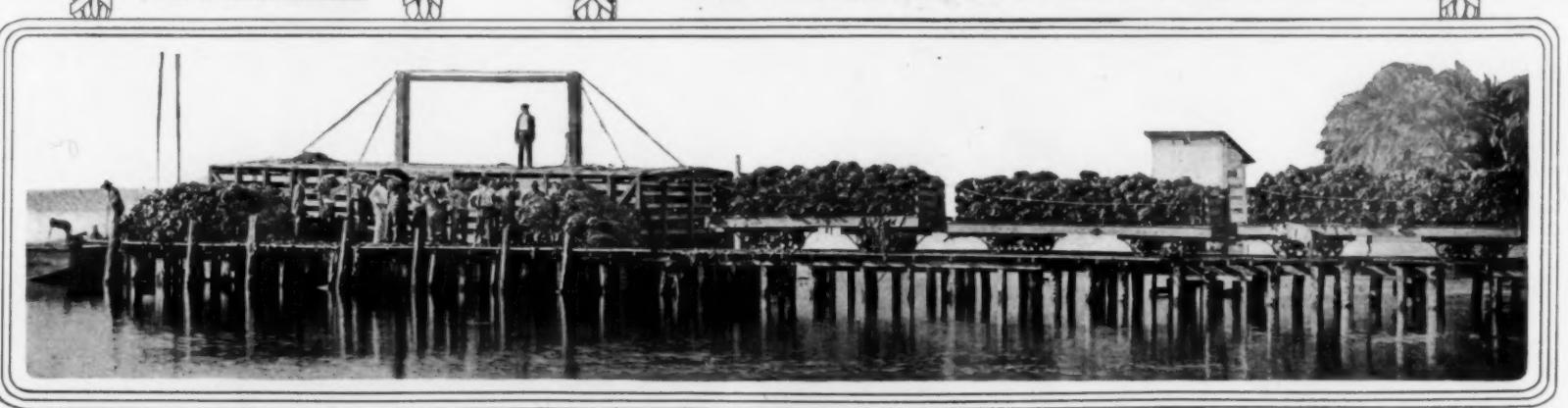
TRANSFERRING THE FRUIT FROM THE TRAIN TO THE LIGHTER.



PACKING BANANAS TO THE RAILROAD AT CHIRIQUICITO.



OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES CRUISER DETROIT VISITING A BANANA PLANTATION.



MILLIONS OF BANANAS ON THE PIER AT CHIRIQUICITO.

RAISING BANANAS BY THE MILLION.

A VISIT TO ONE OF THE MOST NOTED PLANTATIONS AT CHIRIQUICITO, COLOMBIA.

See page 36.



Reddy Melvin's Death-trap

By J. M. Oskison

JUST BEFORE Sandy Duchene gave up riding the west line for Colonel Clarke and went over to Salt Creek to take entire charge of his employer's interests there, a thing befell the cow-puncher that gave a new zest to life; the great, unspoken yearning that Kitty, Sandy's invalid wife, had felt for a long time was satisfied as completely as was possible for a crutch-supported cripple, and Sandy acquired another responsibility that came near to justifying his wife's declaration that he was the dearest and ugliest man in forty miles of the Clarke range.

Beyond the western limits of the cattleman's territory, the ostensible boundary of which was a line of low-lying, grass-covered hills, a score of small coal pits had been opened by miners who had, for one secret reason or another, left the southern Kansas and western Missouri mines to seek a safe harborage in the Indian Territory. These new diggings were mere scratches along the edges of ravines, and the coal that was taken out barely served, when hauled ten miles to the nearest railroad town, to pay the small living expenses of the miners and their families. The men who worked there were not as a rule industrious. Little cabins, thrown together in a rude architectural jumble, and made up of unequal portions of stones, logs, and scraps from a traveling saw-mill, had been raised against the low hillsides. In one of these and typical of the mining community, lived "Reddy" Melvin.

This miner was a red-faced giant, who had beaten out a fellow miner's brains at a Carthage pit and got away from the Missouri authorities by walking fifty miles across fields and swamps in one night. His wife had died soon after, leaving a girl three years old to face the problem of finding a father. In the territory Melvin had taken a half-breed Cherokee woman to live with him, and, through a trusted fellow miner, got the little girl safely to his new home. At the pits he alternately slaved with a feverish efficiency and loafed, quarrelsome drunk, in his cabin. Half of the time he was a careful father to the baby and a tender lover to the woman he had taken—for the rest he was an inexpressible brute.

Some of the Clarke steers had wandered up to the coal pits one day and had found that the loose beds of slate and coal refuse made an excellent play-ground. They charged through the loose heaps, pawing clouds of dust into the air and bellowing in bovine enjoyment. Thereafter these cattle led others to share the fun. Then the carefully-piled coal, ready for loading, came in for attention, and this was the best fun of all. They tramped across it in procession until the big, reddish fragments were mere augments and the symmetrical heaps were like expanses of cut fruit spread to dry. Sandy was told of the depredations, and promised to keep the steers away. But one morning the recollection of the sport came back to a dozen of the big brutes, long before daybreak, and they formed an expectant procession across the hills. When Melvin came up with his wagon to load his carefully-mined blocks he saw the dozen, like grotesque, sinister giants in the early half light, capering over his treasure, crowding each other to complete the ruin.

It was one of Melvin's bad days, and the things he said in the first fierce outbreak would have sent a herd of younger cattle away with drooping heads. But the big fellows only stared at him and recommenced their destruction. Anger then gave way in the man's

mind to a consuming, animal desire for revenge. He looked about for a way to entrap the destroying brutes. The coal had been stacked on the grass above the pit and the steers had scattered a part of it back into the ten-foot hole from which it had been thrown. This hole had been blocked on the down-hill side by a bastion of stones and dirt taken off the coal vein. At the ends the walls rose sheer. Only two or three miniature tunnels had been left to drain the diggings down into the ravine. The whole looked like a huge grave, thirty feet long, ten feet deep and scarcely more than six feet broad.

Carefully backing his wagon to the edge of the pit near to one end, the angry miner placed his obedient old horses so that, with the obstructing wagon and the pit's edge, three sides of an inclosure were formed. Then he withdrew quietly and waited until the steers had taken up their sport once more. Taking advantage of a moment of unusual occupation, he rushed at the little herd, brandishing a coal pick and yelling like a fiend possessed. Into the flank of the nearest steer he dug the pick, cursing with unpremeditated virulence. The cattle turned in a panic, stampeding towards the obstructing wagon and hindering work horses. Hurling themselves against the barrier, they turned to go around it; but the man had run in close and was striking frenziedly at the leaders with his murderous pick. He buried its sharp point in the eye of one of the biggest of the dozen and, bellowing with pain and fright, sent it back, catapult-like, against the resisting herd. Crowding and frightened, they struck the barricade again, and this time, by sheer force of brute anger and maniacal expedient, the miner tumbled them pell-mell into the hole. It was a shambles in a quarter of a minute. One steer had broken its neck in falling, three others had broken legs; and these formed the foundation of a struggling, pitiful mass of vital brute life that was revolting to see. Then the infuriated man added the last touch of the grawsome by laboriously and painfully killing the others with his mining tools.

How Sandy Duchene, when he learned of Melvin's inhuman act, fought with him and left him beaten, half dead, within sight of his own cabin, has remained a mystery to the miners, for, as they said, "Reddy Melvin was big enough to chew up the little cow-puncher at one mouthful and still be hungry." Kitty attended to Sandy's bruises and made poor work of trying to comfort him for losing the dozen steers.

Melvin lay abed for two weeks, nursing his wrath

against the cow-puncher. At the end of that time he had laid a plan to kill Sandy that indicated a natural resourcefulness. After the steers had been slaughtered in the coal pit the line rider had watched the mines carefully, keeping the steers clear of their vicinity. Late in the afternoon and in the early morning he had become accustomed to ride along the edge of the hill in which the mines had been opened. He had worn a clearly defined path through the grass where his horse had picked its way between the loose boulders and old refuse heaps. The miner recalled that Sandy had used this path when he had watched him formerly.

When he emerged from his cabin at the end of the two weeks, Melvin went straight to verify his recollection. He found the path better defined than he had expected and set to work with eager hands. He dug, between two scattered heaps of stones, a shallow pit and buried half a dozen sticks of blasting powder. He looked carefully at the fuse, arranging, by means of a crude trap, so that it could be fired almost instantly. Then he connected the trap with his cabin, which was safely under the ledge, by a stout cord, concealing it in a shallow, protected trench. Half an hour before the time when Sandy usually appeared he connected the fuse and cord.

Remembering at this point that his little girl knew the cow-puncher and had babbled enthusiastic praise of his kindness, Melvin conceived the idea of using the little one to bait his intended victim. He took the girl up on the hill and set her at a safe distance from the trap and told her to shout when she saw the "nice spurred man" riding towards her. He was sure that Sandy would ride to the spot from the north, and set the little one in the trail safely south of the trap. Then he waited at the door of his cabin.

Sandy had chosen, for convenience, to go over the line in the opposite direction on that afternoon. As he followed the accustomed trail he whistled softly to himself and stroked the mane of his favorite pony. He was thinking of Kitty, his brave, patient, crippled wife, whom he had married in a chivalrous moment and whom he had come to love beyond understanding. He knew that Kitty was often lonely—once she had cried brokenly, confessing her longing for a child to share her home. Sandy sighed heavily, wondering why it was that human happiness should never be quite complete.

The little girl spied the line rider, and toddled gravely to meet him. The horse saw the baby and stopped when it came fearlessly on. Sandy looked up, and, seeing the tiny arms raised to the pony's nose, smiled a greeting and got off his horse. He took the child on his arm and remounted, intending to set her down at the trail leading to Melvin's cabin. He rode on towards the trap unconscious of anything except the contentment of the little one in his arms.

Listening nervously below, Melvin heard Sandy's approach from the opposite side, and ran cautiously to the edge of the hill to make sure that it was the line rider. The thought of the child had gone out of his mind, and he was concentrating himself on a calculation of the lessening distance between his buried powder and the rider. He might safely set off the fuse when the cow-puncher was twenty yards away, he decided. The rider came slowly on, seeming an ancient, crippled snail to the waiting blackguard. At last the time came, he judged, when the blast would catch Sandy, and



Drawn by William Clarke. "BACK! GIT BACK. HE YELLED, RUSHING STRAIGHT TOWARD THE BURIED POWDER."



A CORNER OF THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.



TWO OF THE STUDENTS IN THE CHEMISTRY CLASS.



CLASS REPRESENTING BULGARIAN, TURKISH, ENGLISH, HUNGARIAN, AMERICAN, AND ARMENIAN GIRLS.



THE PICTURESQUE COLLEGE CAMPUS—BOWKER HALL ON THE RIGHT, BARTON HALL ON THE LEFT.

A SUCCESSFUL AMERICAN COLLEGE IN ASIA.

THE SCHOOL FOR WOMEN AT SCUTARI, TURKEY, FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY AMERICANS. *See page 62.*

THE CLASS IN THE HISTORY OF ART.

he pulled the cord. On the very instant he heard the baby's shrill, joyful cry. She was with the rider—the realization came to Melvin in a flash. Then the mad, overpowering, uncalculating love of a parent welled up in him. He plunged up the hill in a feverish frenzy of haste, shouting as he ran. He gained the top in an instant and saw Sandy and the little girl, not ten yards from the trap, staring stupidly at him.

"Back! Git back!" he yelled, rushing straight toward the buried powder, waving a mechanically whirling pair of arms. "Explosion! For God's sake, back!" The seconds seemed hours to the terrified parent. He had gained the very spot where the fuse was sputtering, but he had forgotten it.

In the shortest interval of time, which seemed an eternity to the watcher, Melvin saw Sandy turn his horse, dig its flank with the spurs and fly back on the path he had just come over. The rider was fifty yards away, and the watching miner was staring open-eyed, wondering why he did not move faster, when the explosion came. The hillside was gashed by the terrific force of the powder. Stones and earth, mingled in an irregular cloud, flew out and rattled down the ravine. At the sound Sandy had thrown himself forward on his horse's neck. A huge bowlder struck the fleeing horse, bowling it over and sending the rider and his charge sprawling in the grass.

Sandy picked himself up and found the baby uninjured, staring in wonder at what had happened. He ran back to the scene of the explosion and met the miners coming up from their cabins. Nelly Bearfoot, the half-breed woman, appeared, holding in her hands the frying-pan that she had been about to place on the stove in the preparation of the miner's supper. She came slowly up the hill, almost as dumfounded as was the baby. She stared stupidly at the gashed earth for a full minute, and Sandy, who knew, dared not tell her of Melvin's fate. Soon she saw that the charge had been fired where no mining was in progress and glanced questioningly about to find Melvin.

At that moment, though Sandy tried to interpose himself to hide it, the woman saw a part of the big miner's boot and a mutilated fragment of foot. Her eyes dilated for an instant, then, with a scream, she ran back to the cabin, holding the frying-pan in front of her face as if to shut out the knowledge that had come to her. She sat down, rocking herself in an awkward rhythm and holding to the frying-pan with an unreasoning persistence.

The line rider believed that the explosion was an accident. The miners buried the remains of their fellow-workman, with half-formed words of praise for his heroism in saving the baby and Sandy at the cost of his own life. Half demented, Nelly Bearfoot had been taken in by a miner's wife. The child had remained with Sandy, and he had carried it to Kitty as the best temporary solution of the question of its disposal.

Watching the eager mother-love of Kitty prodigally given to the little waif, the cow-puncher could only wonder. "Funny how they build up to each other that way!" he muttered to himself. "The little one's sure fine breed, though, judgin' from weight an' flesh. I reckon Kitty'd like to rope a little maverick like that, all right." Then he went out to look after his pony, that had been injured by the flying bowlder. "Wonder if we couldn't run our brand on the 'dogie,' any way! Her dad's blown clean off the range, an' that Nell woman I sh'd think wouldn't hanker after startin' no herd now."

Without speaking of his intention to his wife, Sandy rode to the cabin to which Nelly Bearfoot had been taken. She came to the door when he asked for her and waited for him to speak. Sandy had meant to be diplomatic, but the woman's stare disconcerted him.

"I—we," he began, "I say, we got that little maverick of your—of his—of Mr.—we got it penned down there on our range."

"What d'you say?" the woman questioned, dully. "It's the kid—his, his, Mr. Melvin's. Me an' Kitty has it all safe. I thought you'd want to know."

"Melvin! You got Red Melvin, you say? Where, oh, where?" The woman started toward him, an eager, impatient look in her eyes.

"Oh, no! Miss—Miss Melvin; we ain't got him. He's not there. We got the kid—his little girl."

"Ah, you ain't got Red?" Her eyes were dull once more. "You ain't got Red?" she repeated questioningly.

"We thought maybe we could—what you think ought to be done with the yearlin'?"

"Red's kid? Oh! you want Red's kid? Well, take it. I want Red. I don't want the kid—take it. But I want Red! The kid—" She went back in her cabin repeating the endless plaint. Sandy tried to say some appropriate words, but only sat staring blankly at the tragic figure going back to her watch for Melvin.

Sandy rode slowly away. When he had gone over the hill-top he heard a faint cry and stopped to listen. But it was not repeated, and he rode on. The woman had run out, and finding that he had gone, cried out brokenly to bring back the girl. Then she relapsed into the vague mutterings.

The figure of tragedy gradually faded from the line rider's mind as he rode home, and that of a supremely happy, albeit crippled, little Juno took its place. He spurred his horse to the ranch-house door, coming in with the inevitable whoop that expresses cowboy satisfaction. Kitty came to the door as he drew up, the child held tightly in her arms.

"It's ours, Kitty!" Sandy waved his hat in triumph. "Heat your irons quick! We'll run our brand on that little maverick in ten shakes. Don't you see, Kitty, ever'thing's fixed so's we can keep that kid. What! ain't you glad?" Kitty was staring at him silently.

"You come here, Sandy!" she commanded, sternly.

Sandy climbed off his pony. Kitty put the child down quickly, and flung an arm about Sandy's neck. "Sandy," she said, kissing him, "you're the dearest and ugliest man I ever saw. But you've wasted your time—ten teams of mules couldn't get the baby away from me!"

Fixed the Family.

GRAPE-NUTS SET THEM RIGHT.

IT IS better to have a food epidemic in a family than an epidemic of sickness. A young lady out at Hibbing, Minn., tells about the way Grape-Nuts won her family. She says, "When recovering from typhoid fever my doctor ordered Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food. I gained four pounds the first week, and, as the package was kept on the table for me, the whole family started to eat the new food.

"We soon noticed a difference in my younger brother's face, which had been pale and bloodless, and who had been suffering from chronic inflammation of the stomach. In a short time he began to eat so heartily that we all remarked about it, and before long he got so he could eat anything without the least bad effect.

"We often eat Grape-Nuts dry as we would candy or nuts, and it has a richer taste than when soaked in water. The best way is to put on some good, rich cream.

"My sister found that after we began eating Grape-Nuts she had a much greater supply of milk for her babe. We have quit eating hot bread and meat for the evening meal and take in place some nice Grape-Nuts, with cream, and a little fruit, and have all improved greatly in health.

"Please don't publish my name." Name can be given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Consumption of Bananas.

HOW LARGELY the toothsome banana and the fleshy cocoanut enter into the dietary of the American people may be judged by the fact that the United Fruit Company alone, during the past year, distributed in the United States and Canada, approximately, no less than 17,500,000 bunches of bananas and 13,500,000 cocoanuts, in addition to other tropical fruits. Sixty ocean-going steamers were engaged exclusively in the banana trade. Estimating not over 100 good bananas to a bunch, these figures show an average consumption of more than twenty bananas each for every man, woman, and child in the United States, and a few millions extra for good boys and girls. But an attempt to divide up the cocoanuts per capita will probably get us into trouble, for, while the bulk is enormous, it means only one cocoanut to every half-dozen persons, enough for all, perhaps, if the division were made on strictly equitable principles.



A WHITE-HOUSE
PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT RESTORE THE OLD-TIME GAYETY



HOUSE RECEPTION.

GAYETY TO SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON.—Drawn for *Leslie's Weekly* by Ch. Weber.

Story of a Bloody Fight in the Philippines

By Sydney Adamson



CORPORAL CUNNINGHAM.

ANILA, October 29th, 1901.—Corporal Cunningham took a writing-pad and drew clearly a plan of the camp, which tells more than lurid word-painting the terrible nature of that ten minutes' fight which left eighty-one insurgents dead on the field and sent eleven Americans to their last account. The corporal explained it all in a straightforward manner. "The Gandara River, where Camp Denver was pitched, comes straight down from the north and bends sharply at right angles to the west. The camp was on the south bank, just below the bend, but this plan will show exactly how the camp lay. Up here right in the bend was a

little boat-landing. The bank slopes sharply up for eighteen or twenty feet, then there is a level space that runs back about fifty feet, and rises, forming the slope of a low hill covered with underbrush just behind the space where the camp lay.

The level space on which the camp stood may have run for 150 feet along the river bank and reached back fifty feet to the foot of the slope. First below the landing up by the bend of the river came the camp kitchen. It was built of bamboo and nipa, and here the first sergeant and one of the cooks slept. Then came the commissary stores in an A-shaped square tent. Next were three Sibley conical wall tents, pitched as close as their guy ropes would allow, and last in this row, which ran parallel with the river and a little distance away, was the lieutenant's tent. Around that tent when the thing was over we counted more than twenty-four dead.

It is a lucky thing that Lieutenant Wallace was away, for an officer could not have given commands in the mêlée, and had any one been in that tent (which was cut to ribbons by bolos) he would surely have been killed. There was another row of tents behind this one, and between the two was a board walk only twenty inches wide, so close together were the guy ropes of the two lines of tents. At the head of this row, almost abreast of the kitchen here on the plan, was a log guard-house with about thirty prisoners. Below this was the guard tent. Then another A-shaped tent and three more Sibleys. That was the "lay-out" of Camp Denver. From the plan you will see the trail down which the attacking party came. A man standing by the kitchen could only see about sixty-five yards up the trail to the crest of the rise. That is where we first saw them, just as they cleared the crest and burst into view, rushing on at us like a torrent.

The attack was planned much as was the Balangigan affair. We were—most of us at least—lined up by the kitchen getting our breakfast. I had my little bit of hardtack in my hand and was reaching for my coffee

when they came over the hill. That was all I ever saw of that breakfast. Nothing could stop the rush of this main body, which was over a hundred men solidly massed around a brand-new insurgent flag. The first thing that struck me as I turned to see them when the cook shouted was their resemblance to the Russians we saw in China. They had the same baggy, white blouses drawn in by fair leather belts, which held on one side the scabbard of their war bolos and on the other the sheath of their daggers. Only they had no boots, but were barefooted—as these niggers always are. We made one wild rush for our guns. The sentry, who was just beside the kitchen, between it and the guard-house, shot the first insurgent officer about thirty yards away, then fell back. As we left the kitchen some one wakened the first sergeant, who tried to defend himself, but it was all over in a minute and he and one of the cooks were dead on the floor.

Everything depended on the cool, yet fearfully rapid action of each man, and that every man was cool and did just the right thing is proved by the fact that we licked them and only lost eleven men killed and three wounded in this hand-to-hand encounter. But it was the magazine fire that saved us. We simply let loose and pumped lead into them. A wild horde of fiends had dashed among us; bolos and daggers were flashing in the air, cutting down men and blindly slashing through the tents. You see, when we reached our tents and had our guns they were on us, there was no time to get out in the open to face them, and lucky it was for us that there wasn't. Nearly all the men killed were those who got outside, and while fighting in front they were cut down from behind. When a poor fellow was hit they were all on him like a pack of wolves till they'd finished him. We kneeled in our tents and fired from under the flies, which were up. They could not see us properly for the canvas, so they slashed wildly through the tents, hoping to strike us within, while we shot them down as fast as we could work our guns.

In one tent were two men. One was killed; then they cut the guy ropes and the tent fell in on the other, but he got under the iron tripod. They cut and hacked for a while on the mass of canvas and ropes to kill the man below, then left him for dead. The iron tripod had guarded him, and to-day he is alive with only a bad wound. At the lower end of the camp, facing the first onslaught, which was made from the main trail, a body of at least fifty bolomen suddenly appeared. They formed in line, kneeling with their bolos pointed upward to receive, as they expected, a stampeded body of American soldiers. Then up on the hill behind the camp they had about eight men with rifles, who fired into us until the insurgents were among us. Then they stopped firing, lest they hit their own warriors, but dashed down and joined the mob. We shot three of them and got their Krag-Jörgensens and ammunition belts. After a while, under the fearful fire from our magazines, they began to waver. With a shout we rushed out and got them going. Then it was easy for us to pick them off as they ran. We cut off a dozen of them between two Sibley tents and the river. None of them will ever tell the story of Camp Denver to their children.

When it was all over and the reeking, bloody reality of it lay around us, some of the men went wild, a kind of raging hysteria set in. But some of us had to be cool. There were the wounded to take care of—six of them—for three of the men I have counted among the dead were alive then. We buried the dead there right by the guard-tent. I saw that the camp was of no more use, so I had the men pile up all the wreckage and we burned the remains of what had been, a few minutes before, a peaceful camp just awakening to the work of the day. There were a few old barotes, you know these big, hulking, native boats about forty feet long and dug out of solid logs, lying at the little landing. We had picked them up in the river, intending to break them up for firewood. We patched these up and started down stream with the wounded. In one of the barotes were our wounded and a great pile of the war bolos and daggers that had done the terrible work, and which we gathered from the eighty-one dead insurgents lying on the field. But farther down the stream the barote began to leak and we sunk the bolos in the river to save the men. Before we met the launch which was bringing Lieutenant Wallace and the detachment which he had taken down stream for supplies back to camp, two of the wounded men had died in the boat. They were conscious to the last—poor fellows—and uttered never a moan.

There is little left to tell. This detachment of Company E, Ninth Infantry, had been stationed there for nearly a month. The camp was established as one of a series to guard the river and help in protecting the launch which took supplies up to Company I and other detachments up the river. We also had to go out and destroy rice fields, which lay over the hill from which came the main attack. We have the insurgent flag. It fell in the fight, the color-bearer lying with it fixed in his nerveless grasp. It was lucky that they attacked just at the moment they did, for some of our men were still in their tents arranging their bunks when the rush was made, and consequently had their rifles ready to their hands. A few minutes later and we would all have been eating, some of us sitting as we used to do on an old boat by the river-bank. Then it would have gone hard with us.

The great lesson of the fight is that the magazine rifle is a great success, and the bayonet a dead failure. The men who used clubbed guns fared better. One man stuck his bayonet into an insurgent, but could not pull it out. While struggling with it he was cut down from behind. The quick and handy bolo is the finer weapon of the two. We owe the fact that any of us got out alive to the manner in which every man did the right thing without command, almost by instinct, and to the fact that our magazine rifles enabled us to keep up such a rapid, deadly fire that in twelve minutes we had received the attack, repulsed it, killing eighty-one men out of one hundred and fifty or over, and were free to return with our wounded to the garrison."

And that is, in substance, the story told me by Corporal Terrence E. Cunningham, of Company E, Ninth Infantry, and these are among the proudest pages of that famous regiment.

The American College for Women at Constantinople

By Mary Mills Patrick, Ph.D.



MARY MILLS PATRICK.

HERE ARE few institutions in the world that hold a place of so much importance in educational influence as the American College for Women, this western college in the east, for the wonderful straits of the Bosphorus are the key to the eastern situation educationally, as well as geographically and politically. This American college is the only woman's college of western Asia and southeastern Europe, and draws its students from many different lands, uniting various races and blending opposing types in the scholastic world of

American college training. Here we find Greek maidens, with their delicate grace, from sunny Athens and the islands of the Mediterranean; sturdy Slavs from the north, together with their darker sisters from the south and far east. Within the college walls many different tongues fall upon the ear, for there is no woman's college in the world where so many languages are taught. The language of the college is English, but there are well organized departments besides, in French, ancient and modern Greek, ancient and modern Armenian, Bulgarian, Slavic, Turkish, German, and Latin. Race prejudices are, however, forgotten in the bond of common collegiate interests, and in the class-rooms and clubs, on the tennis court and ball ground, all unite in the work and recreations of a happy college life.

The American College for Women is situated in Scutari, the Chrysopolis, or Golden City, of ancient Byzantine times, where the caravans from the east unloaded their wealth. It overlooks the shining waters of the Marmora, the Princes' Islands, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn, and the domes and minarets of Stamboul, while in the distance appears the snow-topped Asiatic Olympus. The air is odorous with the perfume of tropical flowers, and hazy with the dreamy mist of sea and sky that characterizes the cities of the far south. All is Oriental and picturesque in the environment, but in the college itself the languor of the south yields to western energy and college enthusiasm; for real work is done in this college of the east, and the standard of scholarship is constantly being raised to keep in line with other American colleges.

This college is an outgrowth of a high school founded in 1871; as a result of steady internal growth, and in response to an increasing demand for higher education in the east, it was incorporated as a college in 1900, and empowered by its charter to grant such honors, degrees, and diplomas as are granted or conferred by any university, college, or seminary of learning in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. There have been one hundred and thirty graduates of the institution, of nine different nationalities, who are many of them holding positions of honor in this and other lands.

The one Albanian graduate of the college founded the first school for girls ever taught in the Albanian language. Another, a Dane, passed the government examinations for the position of official translator in Denmark, in English, French, Danish, German, and Italian. A graduate of last year has entered the medical department of the University of Berne with honors, and others are writing for the press or engaged in teaching. One

of the class was the first Turkish woman in the empire to receive the degree of bachelor of arts, and the subject of her graduating thesis was "Sophism in Persia in Relation to Omar Khayyám," to write which she consulted authorities in Arabic and Persian in the original.

The alumnae of the college organized some years ago an alumnae association, and during the last year they have purchased a piece of land adjoining the college, on which stand two buildings, one to be used for a music hall and the other as a cottage. One of the most interesting phases of the development of the college is found in the musical department. This is organized after the plan of a German conservatorium, and adds greatly to the opportunities for culture offered by the college, and also to the aesthetic side of the college life. Frequent concerts are given, including chorus, piano, violin, and organ music, and music by the college choir and chorus forms a decided feature of all formal public occasions.

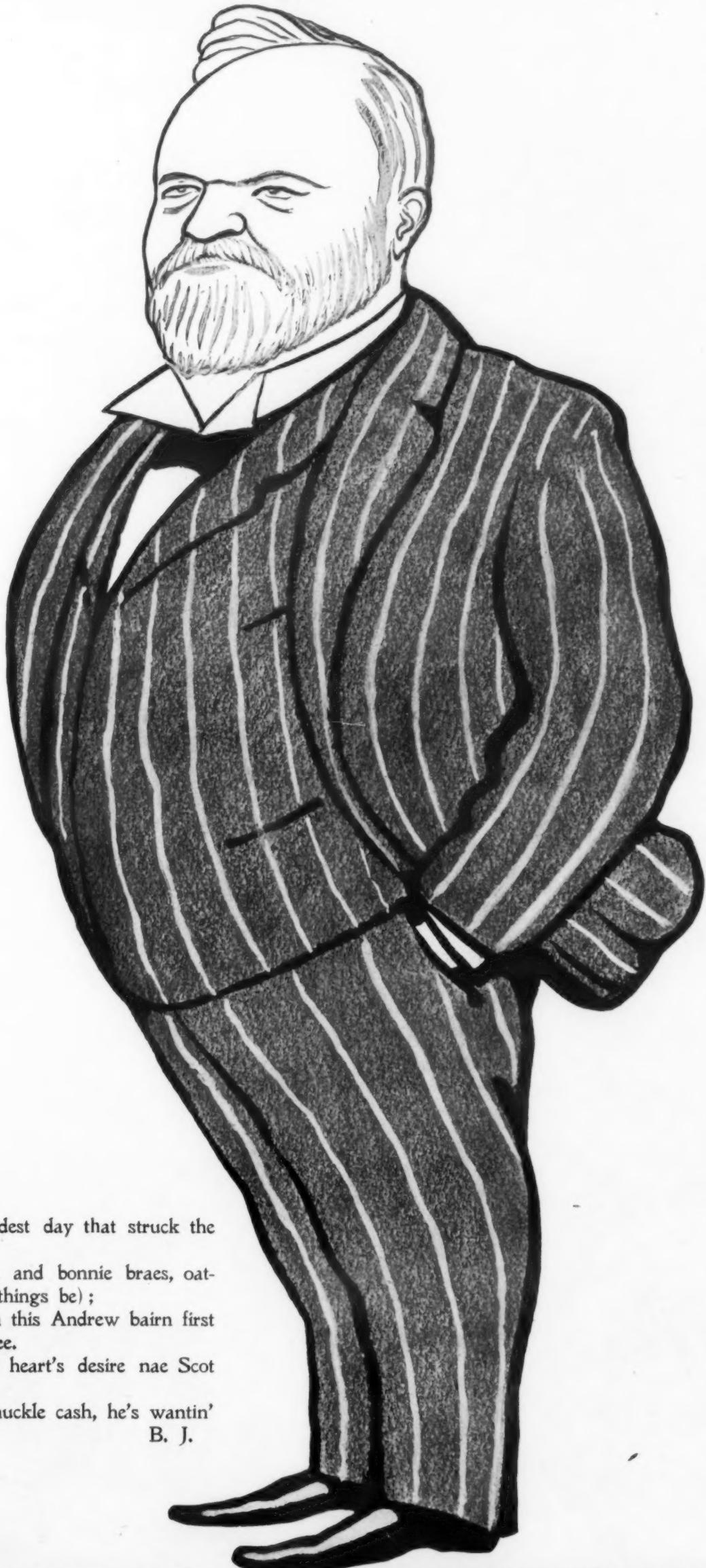
Anglo-Saxon Unity.

EVERY YEAR binds England and America in closer union. This is as it should be. We profess the same religion, speak the same language, and have a common interest. If English customs have invaded American society, American enterprise has modified English conservatism. "'Alf and 'alf' makes a good mixture.'

For a Nerve Tonic

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. H. M. HARLOW, Augusta, Me., says: "One of the best remedies in all cases in which the system requires an acid and a nerve tonic."



I dinna ken the graundest day that struck the
auld countree
(That land where kilts and bonnie braes, oat-
meal, and such things be);
But I speer 'twas when this Andrew bairn first
oped his canny ee.
And now they say his heart's desire nae Scot
e'er had befoor,
For, having made a muckle cash, he's wantin'
to die poor !

B. J.

SILHOUETTES: Miss Elsie De Wolfe

By William Armstrong



"LOVE WORK," said Miss de Wolfe. Crossing the room, she stood a slight figure outlined against the white curtains. "I love work," she explained, "for, after all, it is the only thing that brings success, and success means hard work and more work, and yet more work, with a strong leaven of patience thrown in."

"What are the advantages and disadvantages of a society woman in going on the stage?" The great advantage is, granting she has the necessary talents, that it is a pleasanter way of making a living than many others. And the idea of a society woman going on the stage unless it is to make

a living is preposterous. As to the disadvantages, you must not begin to look for them, for in that case you would find nothing but hardships.

"The woman who has had the advantage of social training has distinction and breeding; both are necessities to any actress who would succeed in the modern play. Without these qualities the critics say 'She is strong in the part, but she has no conception of its demands.' The fact that one dines with Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones does not enter into the case. Your visiting list and who you dine with are things that have nothing to do with your position as an actress. If society women were on the stage for these facts alone, then 'twere better if they were put under glass cases, like two-headed calves, and labeled, and the public admitted at so much a head. The terms 'society women' and 'club men' exist only in America. I dislike both terms."

"The stage has many advantages for women if they have the ability to lift themselves above the rank and file, but that they must consider well before going on. In going on the stage it is a struggle for position and to make bread and butter. Any woman who has received praise as an amateur is foolish to consider it as serious encouragement, for the most of it is indiscriminate and biased. Success would be too easy if it were won in any such way. The professional is open to criticism. The public pays its money to see you, and you must be worth it. The public may like you and it may not—you hope that it will, and you do your best. It all depends upon one's self."

"No woman must consider rehearsals anything but a pleasure, even though it be tiring to wait around when one has only a small part. To be dragged about on one-night stands cannot be helped; it all comes in a lifetime, the good and the bad. Those women who have not the right energy and determination may go on the stage, but they do not stay there. It takes the pressure of necessity."

"Why did I go on the stage?" I had to have money, and I had to have it quick. I like the work; I prefer it above any other. My experience in amateur theatricals had been extended; I had enjoyed the privilege of Sardou's training and of attending rehearsals at the Comédie Française, the only foreigner, indeed, who has been granted this opportunity. In conducting a rehearsal Mr. Clyde Fitch, in his quiet methods, his absolute patience, and infinite attention to details, reminds me strongly of Sardou.

"When I decided to go on the stage I had a splendid offer from Mr. Charles Frohman, but the play in which I made my first venture was one turning upon a subject which did not appeal in America. On account of that lack of success I was idle for a time. Other experiences and training followed, one of these being thirty-five weeks of one-night stands. After part of a second season with this same company, I withdrew, owing to financial complications, and went to Dieves, in Normandy,

and lived at a little place called the 'Inn of William the Conqueror,' where the board was something like a dollar a day. One day some friends drove over and invited me to go to the races at Trouville. As I was preparing to go I received a telegram from Mr. Charles Frohman. It read:

"Take Wednesday's boat. Bring three dresses; reception, dinner, carriage."

"In thirty minutes I left for Paris instead of Trouville, ordered my gowns and sailed on the Wednesday's boat. When I arrived I found my engagement was to appear with Mr. John Drew in 'The Bauble Shop.' From that time on until my present arrangement with Mr. Lederer I remained under Mr. Frohman's management."

"As to my new play, 'The Way of the World,' I think it marks an advance in modern production. Mr. Fitch and I have worked very hard in this direction and in details in rehearsing. My holiday time I spend now at a little place at Versailles, called The Hermitage, a place that I hope to buy some day, and where I hope to

signal favor had been done her. Presently the tenor sang Schumann's "I do not complain." When he had finished she said: "Sing it again. The Prince Consort loved it so." As Van Dyck sang the song a second time he saw the tears steal down her face. At eighty her sentiment and her affection for the husband she had lost so many years before awakened memories that effaced the Queen and left only a lonely, feeble, little woman face to face with a past that had held the best in her life.

At Bayreuth, during the Wagnerian festival performances there, the Empress Elizabeth heard Van Dyck sing in "Parsifal." She had refused Madame Wagner and the dignitaries of the place an audience. After this particular performance Prince Hohenlohe, master of ceremonies at the Austrian court, came to the tenor's dressing-room.

"The Empress wishes that you be presented," he said.

"How can I?" asked Van Dyck. "I still have the 'make-up' on my face. I have only begun to get off my stage clothes."

"Her Majesty will wait ten minutes for you," was the reply.

Van Dyck, hurrying, appeared presently wearing a long coat over part of his "Parsifal" costume.

"I was deeply impressed by the performance," said the Empress, "and I wanted to see what you look like. You are to sing in Vienna, but you will never see me there, for if I go to the opera the people will give more attention to me than to the stage." Then, growing impatient, she exclaimed: "Why is it that people dress so elaborately for the opera that they have no time for the performance because of staring at each other? Here at Bayreuth I like it because the auditorium is in darkness, the music can be listened to."

Once later Mr. Van Dyck saw her at a court concert at the Hofburg in Vienna, on the occasion of the first state visit of the Emperor William. The scene was a brilliant one. The diplomatic corps, the peeresses with their crowns, the entrance procession of royalties, made an unforgettable picture. After he sang the Empress said to him with a trace of sadness and of impatience in her tone: "This is not Bayreuth; music is a something too personal, too intimate to be enjoyed in a scene like this."

MR. POL PLANCON is missed from the ranks of the Metropolitan opera forces this season in more senses than one. He is an inveterate practical joker, and in this respect, to his colleagues at least, a not unalloyed joy. He it was who, in the midst of a grave situation in the performance and while handing Madame Eames in state down the centre of the stage, turned to her and said between his phrases:

"Here come the two best noses in the company."

In "Les Huguenots" Madame Melba not infrequently forgot her lines at the point where she was seated on the throne surrounded by her ladies in waiting. The cause of the trouble was the fact that the conversation demanded at the moment in pantomime was not a sham affair, but an interesting one; it was the habit, indeed, to exchange just then pleasing bits of news. Mademoiselle Bauermeister, who knows not only her own rôle but every one else's, was relied upon as prompter. But in this particular performance she, too, suffered a lapse of memory, for the news had been more engaging than usual. As a consequence Madame Melba was suddenly startled by her cue from the orchestra. Forgetting what Meyerbeer had written, she substituted some phrases composed on the spur of the moment, ending with a brilliant cadenza. Mr. Plancon, as Saint Bris, had to sing at this juncture, "Madame, I will go and bring my daughter." Instead, noting her slip and smiling blandly, he sang:

"Madame, I will go and tell Meyerbeer."

The ladies in the cast, who at that moment rejoiced in fans, held them in front of their faces, and Mancinelli, who had caught the words at the conductor's desk as clearly as he had caught the sudden alteration of the music, buried his head in the score.

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE IN ONE OF HER FAMOUS GOWNS WORN IN "THE WAY OF THE WORLD."—(Marceau.)

spend my old age. Versailles seems made for old people; a place with a great past, of which only the atmosphere is left, and where our visitors, coming down from Paris in their automobiles on Sunday, create a ripple of excitement that lasts for the rest of the week."

New Stories of the Stage.

MR. ERNEST VAN DYCK numbers with the strongest impressions of his career two interviews, the one with Queen Victoria on an occasion when he sang before her at Balmoral, and the other with the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. At the suggestion of Princess Clementine of Belgium, his countrywoman, Mr. Van Dyck was summoned to Balmoral to give a recital before the Queen. Her growing blindness prevented her from seeing him at first. He stood ready to sing. Grasping the fact, the Queen said, sharply, "Why have you not presented the singer? He should be introduced before he sings." The Queen was then quite feeble and rose with difficulty, supporting herself on the arms of her chair when the gentleman in waiting brought Van Dyck forward. With him she talked in French, with his accompanist (whom she learned to be a German twenty-five years resident in London), she spoke German, and with the princesses she spoke English. Rapidly changing from one tongue to another she spoke the foreign ones without a trace of accent.

Speaking of Wagner, Mr. Van Dyck, after he had sung something from "Lohengrin," reminded the Queen that she and the Prince Consort had been the first royalties to show appreciation of his music.

"Do you think he realized it?" the Queen asked.

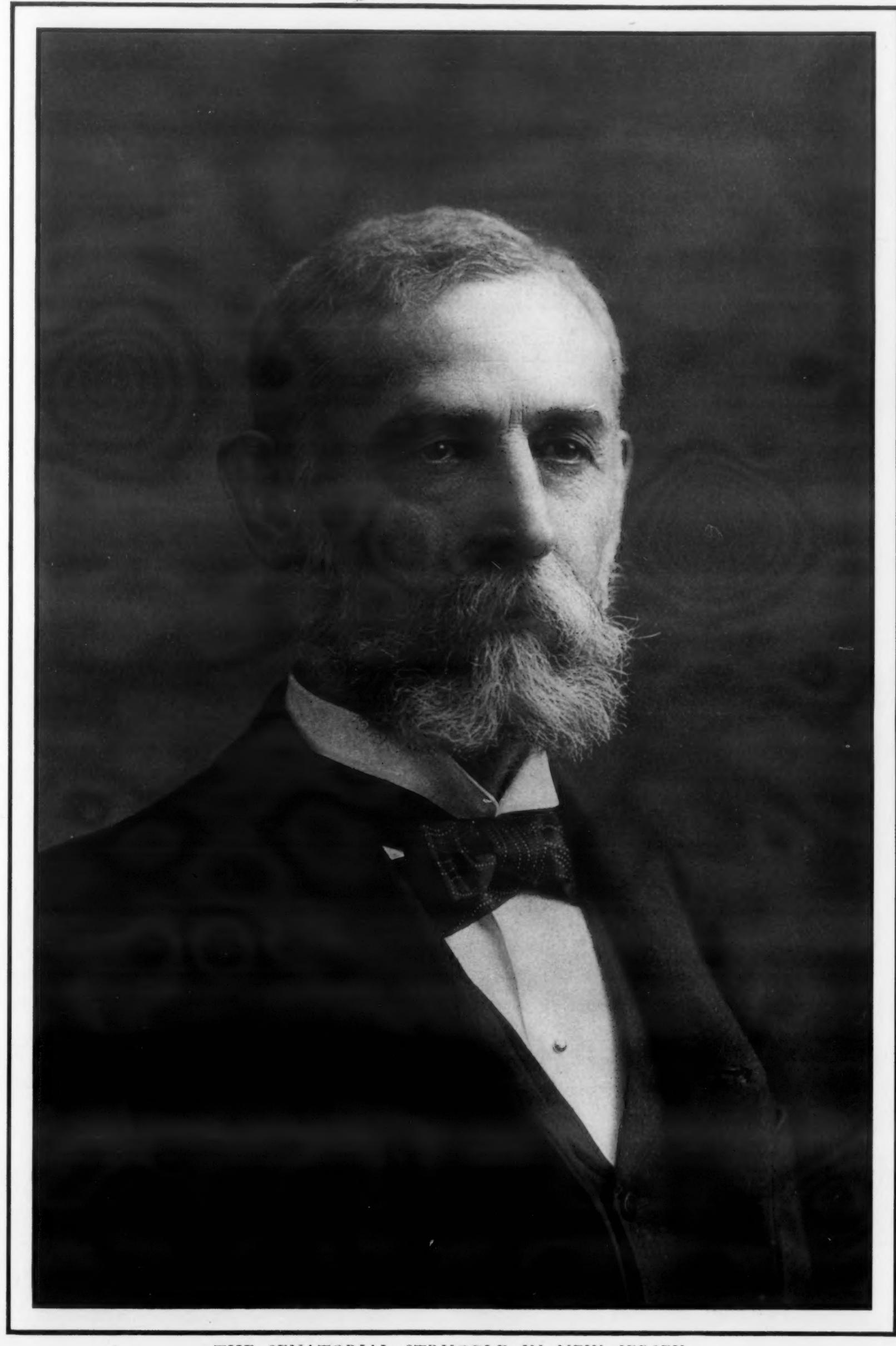
When Wagner's letter to Klindworth recording his appreciation was mentioned, she was as gratified as if some



MISS DE WOLFE IN THE GARDENS OF THE "HERMITAGE," VERSAILLES, HER FRENCH HOME.



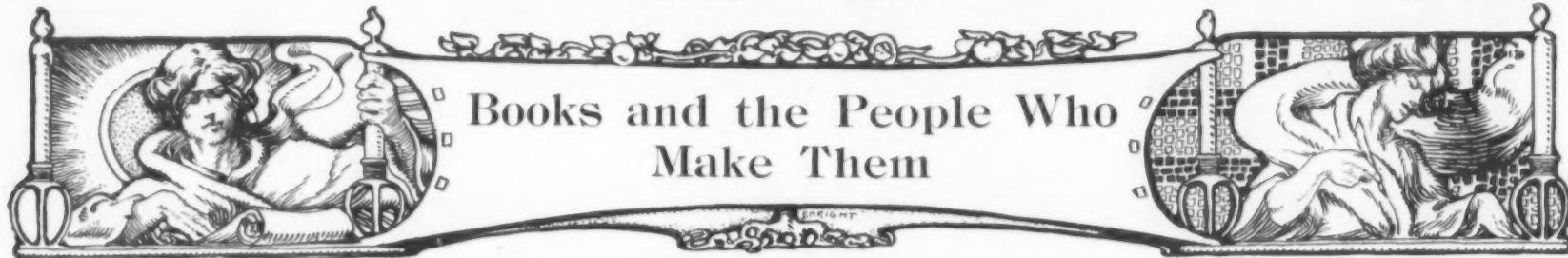
MISS DE WOLFE IN HER CARRIAGE ENTERING THE COURT-YARD OF THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.



THE SENATORIAL STRUGGLE IN NEW JERSEY.

THE HON. JOHN F. DRYDEN, PRESIDENT OF THE PRUDENTIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, A LEADING CANDIDATE FOR THE PLACE IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE MADE VACANT BY THE RECENT DEATH OF W. J. SEWELL.

Photograph by Davis & Sanford.



Books and the People Who Make Them

By L. A. Maynard

FOR A drop-curtain effect upon a literary performance we have seen nothing finer and more thoroughly in harmony with the performance itself than the closing lines of Clara Morris's "Life on the Stage" (McClure, Phillips & Company). "To those patient ones," she writes, "who have listened to this story of a little maid's clamber upward toward the air and sunshine, that God meant for us all, I send greeting, as, between mother and husband, with the inevitable small dog on my knee, I prepare to lock the desk—I pause just to kiss my hand to you and say au revoir." It needs but little effort of the imagination to hear the finale of the orchestra after that, while the audience sighs regretfully and prepares to take its homeward way. From things which we read between the lines of this volume, and from information gained elsewhere, we are glad to believe that this is not "positively the last appearance" of Miss Morris on the literary stage. We should be sorry, at all events, to think so, after she has proved herself capable of such rare and excellent work as we have in this "Life." From the beginning in the little two-page chapter in which the writer tells us of her birth on St. Patrick's Day, in a Canadian city (no year given), to the characteristic exit in chapter forty and four, the narrative rambles on in the easiest and most delightful fashion over some forty years or more of an existence in which there are happily more "ups" than "downs," and in which you run across almost everybody of histrionic fame who has appeared before the American public in the time mentioned; including Edwin Booth, to whose Hamlet Miss Morris played Gertrude when a mere slip of a girl; Charles Kean, who prophesied great successes for her, which came true; Lawrence Barrett, Mr. Daly, with whom she made her first New York engagement, and a host of others who are worth hearing and knowing more about, especially in the kindly and generous way in which they are remembered in these pages.

AMONG THE philosophers in homespun who have stepped into public view from the pages of recent novels, few, or none, commend themselves more heartily to popular favor than the Caleb Wright of Mr. John Habberton's latest novel (*Lothrop*). In shrewd sense and homely wisdom Caleb compares favorably with David Harum, while he is less "horsy" than that more or less famous individual, and discloses, on occasion, a depth and dignity in his nature which are lacking in the hero of Westcott's story. The circle of which Caleb Wright forms a considerable segment and for whose benefit his sage counsels and kindly admonitions are primarily intended, is located in a raw prairie town "out west" where Caleb also dispenses sugar, tea, and such other necessities of life as come within his specific range of duty as manager or chief factotum of a country store. Caleb in a certain emphatic sense belongs to the store, and has come over along with the good will of the concern and other things by the will of a deceased uncle, the former proprietor, into the hands of Philip Somerton and his wife, a young couple, who receive the sudden inheritance as a happy escape from the thraldom of a hand-to-mouth existence in New York. The way in which this hopeful pair, who set out with a fine assortment of noble intentions and many true graces of mind and heart, succeed in realizing many of their dreams and thus in transforming the dull and crude prairie village into a wide-awake and progressive town—all this forms the woof of a story in which Caleb Wright's sayings and doings are the binding warp. The description of Caleb's visit to London in the interests of the "Somerton" brand of corn-flour is as fine a piece of humor as one often reads in these days.

HABBERTON'S "Helen's Babies" appeared a full quarter of a century ago, yet not a week passes in which the author is not asked questions about the identity of Budge and Toddie and his other characters, so 'tis small wonder that he fairly hates the name of the book. He says that although he used the nicknames of his children and "adapted" a record of their doings of a single day, till the printed result bore but little resemblance to the truth, "Helen's Babies" was a work of fiction and not a fragment of family history. When

he wrote it Habberton was editorial writer and book reviewer on the Christian Union (now *The Outlook*). The success of "Helen's Babies" he attributes to two facts—all children are very much alike and all people love natural children. A quarter of a million of "Helen's Babies" were sold in a single year, and the book is still selling as well as many of this season's new novels. Ten different English firms republished it; it was also printed in all the British colonies and translated into French, German, Danish, Swedish, Italian, and Bohemian. The author's aggregate receipts from all foreign publishers of the book in twenty-five years have been less than one hundred and fifty dollars, which shows that not all book "pirates" are Americans.

other biographer has done, an intimacy, we may add, which only serves to heighten our admiration for the man, for he was noble and true in the private walks of life as well as in the exalted stations to which he was called. Mr. Curtis's long experience in public life in Washington and elsewhere, his political views and sympathies, have given him special qualifications for producing a work of this character which should be frank, honest, and illuminative, as well as deeply interesting, all of which is true of this biography of Jefferson.

MR. FURNIVALL, of England, the oldest and greatest

of Shakespearean scholars, except our own Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, is editor of the newest, handsomest, and complete edition of "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare" (Raphael Tuck & Sons Company). In London Dr. Furnivall is called "Old Thames," and thereby hangs a pleasant story. Like other gentlemen and scholars, he thinks the London shop-girl a dowdy and flippant creature, but instead of ignoring her he endeavored to do something to improve her general tone. One bright holiday he accosted a group of them and invited them to spend the afternoon on the river. The invitation was accepted; he hired a large rowing barge, taught them the use of oars, piloted them through some of the beautiful scenery of the river, told them something about the trees, birds, flowers, etc., gave them some sensible suggestions about dress, etc., and sent them home rejoicing.

with the request that they would come again and bring more of their kind. The result, in a few months, was a large informal rowing club of shop-girls, whose health, appearance, and manner improved rapidly. Until they learned their benefactor's name the girls called him "Old Thames," and the name has stuck to him.

THE HISTORICAL novel is suggesting a new possibility—that of the changing of the general estimate of historic characters by means of fiction instead of biography. "Blennerhassett," Charles Felton Pidgin's new romance, was evidently written to bleach the reputation of Aaron Burr and besmirch that of Alexander Hamilton; Gertrude Atherton's forthcoming novel will endeavor to prove that Hamilton was the greatest man of our revolutionary and constitutional periods. As novels are ten times as popular as any biographies, and are usually accepted at the face value of their contents, fiction may yet become a medium of instruction; up to the present time, however, the historical novel has been in peril through its awkward, timid treatment of characters really great. It has pushed them into its pages almost as lay figures, or so many bits of furniture, to "set off" the heroine and hero of the conventional type.

CARMEN SYLVA, the poet Queen of Roumania, who has just written a book for children entitled "A Real Queen's Fairy Tales" (Davis & Company, Chicago), which is already in its second edition, is one of the most remarkable women of the age. She is not only a queen idolized by her people, but she is "more than queen," being also a musician, painter, and author of nearly a score of literary works, including fiction, essays, philosophy, dramas, poetry, an opera libretto, and folk tales. The royal author's life story is as romantic as one of her own fairy tales. She was born a princess in a castle on the Rhine; married a prince, became Queen of Roumania, and by her love and sympathy has become the idol of her subjects. But her royal duties do not hinder her from devoting several hours daily to literary work. Indeed, the amount of work she accomplishes in a single day is little short of marvelous. It is her custom while living in the royal palace at Bucharest, during the winter months, to rise between four and five o'clock in the morning and work steadily for three or four hours. Her evenings are often occupied with some public or private reception or ball, of which the gayety-loving Roumanians never tire. Rarely is it possible for the Queen to retire until after midnight, yet she declares that her early morning literary work, instead of lessening her strength, gives her fresh power and mental poise to meet the cares of the day.



WILLIAM ELROY CURTIS,
Journalist and author.—(Rice.)

CLARA MORRIS.
(Dupont.)

F. SCHUYLER MATTHEWS.
"Familiar Features of the Roadside," etc.

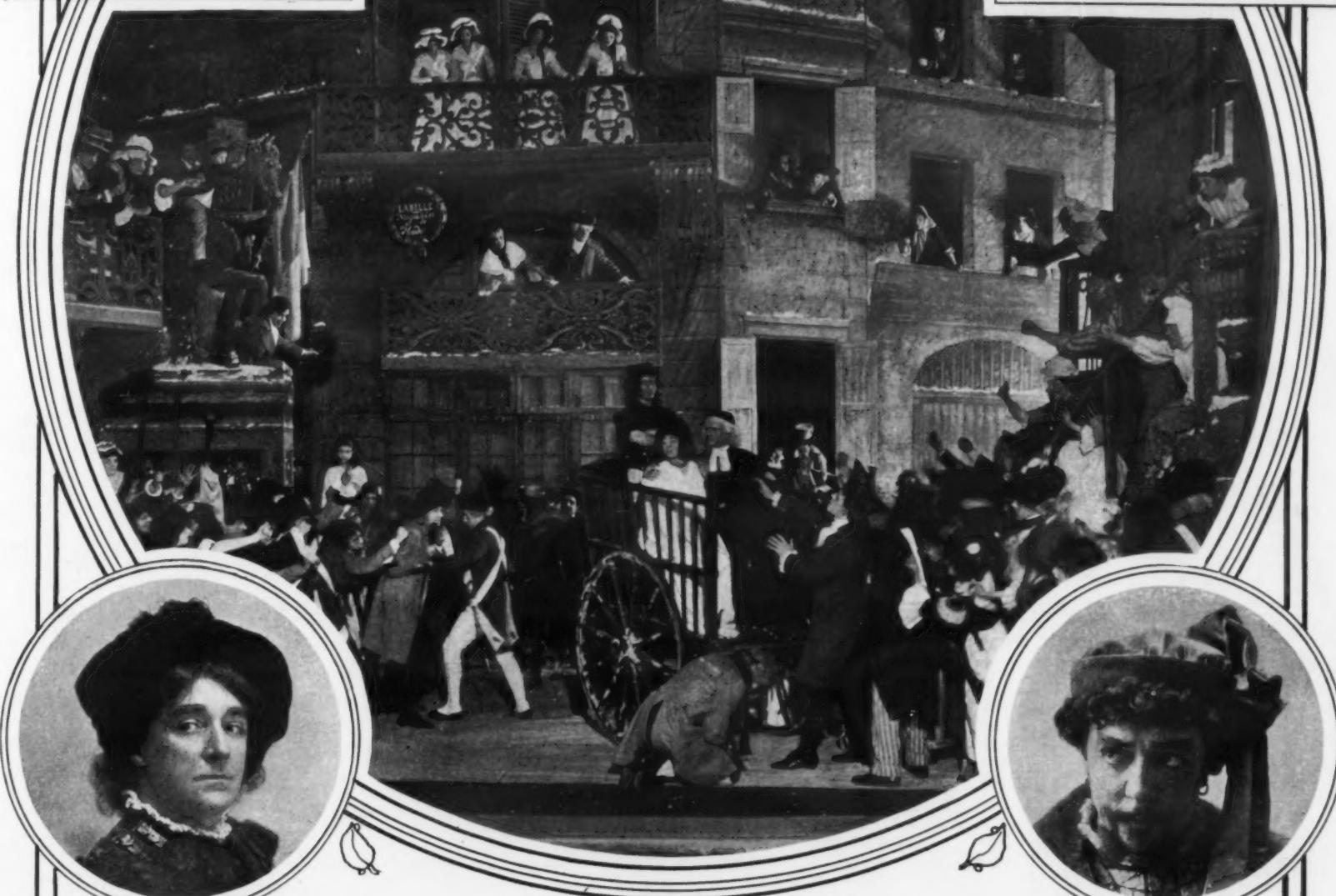


F. T. BULLEN,
Author of "A Sack of Shaksings."

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,
Writer of historical sketches.—(Goldensky.)



MISS FLORENCE
ROCKWELL,
in "D'Arcy of the
Guards," at
the Savoy.
(Sarony.)



KYRLE BELLEW
As "Gaston de Marsac" in "A Gentleman of
France," at Wallack's.—(McIntosh.)

THE WONDERFUL SCENE IN THE FIFTH ACT OF "DU BARRY," IN WHICH MRS. CARTER
HAS MADE ANOTHER SUCCESS, AT THE CRITERION.—(Byron.)

OTIS SKINNER
As "Lanciotto" in "Francesca da Rimini,"
at the Victoria.—(W. de la Rue.)



ACT II. OF "DOLLY VARDEN," IN WHICH MISS LULU GLASER IS SOON TO BE SEEN AT THE HERALD SQUARE.—(Byron.)

THE THEATRE IN NEW YORK.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF NOTE WHO ARE WINNING LAURELS IN SOME OF THE SEASON'S DRAMATIC NOVELTIES.

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PUBLISHED BY THE JUDGE COMPANY, JUDGE BUILDING,

NO. 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.
WESTERN OFFICE, BOYCE BUILDING,
112 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS: The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London, England; Saarbach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany; Brentano's, Paris, France.

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Hints to Money-Makers

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OBSErvANT MEN trace a resemblance between the situation in this country now and that which prevailed in Germany two or three years ago, before the great depression in that country began. During 1899, after an era of unexampled prosperity, the iron factories, textile mills, and all the great industries of Germany were so congested with orders that they could not be filled. Large future contracts for coal, iron ore, and other raw materials were then placed, and wages of workingmen were raised, because there seemed to be a scarcity of labor. Many speculative schemes were floated on the crest of this wave of prosperity, and new companies with extravagant promises of profit were organized. Prices were advanced, especially of all building material.

Then came an unexpected development. The great increase in the cost of products checked the demand for them. Building operations became paralyzed, and this affected trade in lumber, iron, cement, and many other lines of business. Financial institutions began calling in good loans and wiping out bad ones. Those who had imagined that prosperous conditions were to continue forever, suddenly became undeceived. A disposition to economize, retrench, and save was manifested. Merchants bought less of goods, factories received diminished orders, labor was left without employment, and to-day Germany is face to face with one of the worst periods of depression it has ever experienced. Not less than 35,000 workingmen are without employment or means of support in the city of Berlin alone, and systems of public relief at all the industrial centres are being rapidly established, to alleviate the distress of the unemployed.

Those who think that because we in the United States have had three years of great prosperity there need be no fear of a return of hard times forget the story of the past. The whole world, as M. Raffalovich has pointed out, in a recent publication, has been enjoying an epoch of trade expansion and increasing prosperity, extending from the years 1896 to 1899, and following a period of contraction and depression extending from the years 1891 to 1895. In Europe the period of depression was noticed more quickly than in the United States, and as it began earlier there, it ended earlier, just as the period of expansion appears to have ended in Europe before we have felt the slackening up in the United States. This noted French writer says the revival of industrial activity felt throughout the world, and beginning in 1896, was due to the opening of new outlets for capital in the United States, in Asia, Africa, and Europe, the development of electricity as a power, the construction of many railways and tramways, with the requirement for vast amounts of railway material, the substitution of heavier for lighter rails, the demands for military and naval equipments, and the rapid expansion of such new industries as the bicycle and the automobile; all involving a new and active demand for raw materials, minerals, fuel, and labor.

This second period of prosperity, according to this eminent French writer, ended with 1899. The year 1900 was one of transition, and in 1901 the breaking out of industrial quarrels abroad, great weakness in the metal trades, contraction in iron manufacturing, and a lessened consumption of the products of mills and factories were noticed. He does not believe that the United States is to be supreme in the trade of the world. He believes our present prosperity has arisen largely through the increase of our exports and the issue of new national-bank notes. He attributes our increased export movement to the severe industrial crisis of 1893, which reduced the prices of American products to a very low level, compelling American producers to improve their methods both of sale and production. This, coupled with our splendid harvests, opened vast markets abroad. It will be seen that M. Raffalovich finds no reason to believe that we shall be exempt from the same influences that have created wide-

spread financial and industrial depression in Europe, and it is only just to observe that many thoughtful men on this side of the Atlantic agree entirely with his conclusions and anticipate marked evidences of declining tendencies in business in the United States before the close of the current year.

E. W. R., Brooklyn: Explanation satisfactory.

J. H., Dayton, O.: Thank you for the information.

O. J. H., New York: Have nothing to do with either.

A Subscriber, Concord, N. H.: The mercantile agencies give them no rating.

"Reader," Hartford, Conn.: Neither has good standing. Do not advise dealing with them.

P. Deposit, N. Y.: The latest dividend on American Ice preferred falls due January 15th.

"Subscriber," Hartford, Conn.: I doubt it much will be realized, but the matter is entirely in the hands of the lawyers.

C. C., Oneida, N. Y.: The concern has an excellent rating and has been quite successful in its real estate operations.

J. S. C., Jersey City, N. J.: Impossible to get reliable information regarding it. It is not dealt in on the exchange.

P., Deposit, N. Y.: The previous dividend on American Ice preferred was declared in October. The dividends are quarterly.

George, Ohio: Letter received. You should be a subscriber, at regular rates, at this office, to be entitled to a preferred place on this list.

T. T., Pottsville, Penn.: The Pennsylvania Company's 4½ guaranteed firsts are a safe investment at prevailing prices, though they do not yield a very large rate of interest. I would prefer them to the second bond you mention.

L., Baltimore: Am very glad that you profited by my advice regarding Monon common and American Ice. I would not part with my stocks unless I had a fair profit, but I would not be carried away by an expectation of a great boom.

V., Wilmington, Del.: No. I know of none that I would really recommend. (2) Hurlbut, Hatch & Co., 71 Broadway; Spencer Trask & Co., 27 Pine Street, and Harrison & Wyckoff, 71 Broadway, New York, are all members of the New York Stock Exchange.

J., South Lyon, Mich.: The Michigan Telephone Company fell into the control of the Erie Telegraph and Telephone Company, and the latter has had serious troubles, out of which it is trying to emerge. The situation is somewhat involved, and it might be well for you to communicate with the officers of the company. Charles J. Glidden, Boston, is the president.

R., Jamestown, R. I.: The laws of New York do not appear to be drastic enough to guarantee the safety of savings and loan associations. Much still depends upon the conservatism and honesty of their management. You would be much safer, in my judgment, if you would put your money in a savings-bank, as you have little to spare and the loss means much to you.

S., Palatine Bridge, N. Y.: None of the firms has a rating and the second one you name is in very bad odor. (2) I cannot recommend any of the oil stocks you refer to. (3) They belong to the poorest of all poor classes. Have nothing to do with them. (4) Atchison common would look decidedly high at par, considering that it sold in 1900 as low as 20 and last year as low as 43.

O. A. L., New York: Everything depends on the financial ability and the personal character of the promoters. If they are assured of a good opening for a new bank, I should think you might make a profitable investment. There seems to be room for additional banking facilities in upper New York. If you could confidentially consult a banker, I believe you might get safe advice.

K., Albany, N. Y.: The retirement of Southern Railway preferred by the conversion of the stock into a bond would help the common stock if interest charges were thereby saved. The common stock is strongly held, and though I have thought it was pretty high, considering the earnings of the company, still I would not be inclined to sacrifice it in the face of a strengthening market.

New Subscriber, Washington, D. C.: This column has repeatedly given you the information you seek. The sacrifice of the holdings of an insider, while under financial pressure, had something to do with the decline in the stock. Furthermore, the earnings have not been as large as were anticipated. (2) Impossible to ascertain in advance. (3) It might be safer, on a sharp decline, to buy 15 shares more to average up your cost, and then unload on the first advance.

J. G. J., New York: It is difficult to advise in such a case. Safety is the primary consideration, and perhaps nothing is safer than a savings bank. Of course your father could purchase an annuity which would bring him a fair income during the rest of his life, but this would absorb his capital. He might purchase reasonably safe railroad bonds that would net between 4 and 5 per cent. Information regarding investment securities will be cheerfully given by any dealer in high-grade investment securities.

C., Sacramento: You should not address "Jasper" at Leslie's Magazine. LESLIE'S WEEKLY has nothing to do with the Leslie's Magazine property. The affairs of the National Asphalt Company are so badly tangled that it will take a good many lawyers to put them in shape, if the statements of the newspapers are to be believed. The common stock has dropped to half a dollar a share and the preferred to \$1.50 a share. The plan of reorganization has not been announced, and I therefore cannot pass upon it.

I., Jericho, L. I.: Subscription received and preference given. (2) The situation in the copper market scarcely seems to warrant an upward movement in the copper shares, unless conflicting interests are speedily reconciled. If you are in a position to watch the market closely, you ought to be able to trade, so as to reduce your loss, or to retain your present position advantageously, if the copper difficulty should not be speedily adjusted. In that event you would no doubt be able to cover at a satisfactory price.

R., Brooklyn, N. Y.: The leaders on Wall Street have been looking for an upward movement ever since the collapse of last May, but every time they have started one the market has had a sudden setback from some unexpected cause. Their opportunity would seem to come early in January on top of the enormous disbursements for dividends and interest, but the continuance of tight money would operate to prevent a general rise. Specialties, however, might be advanced in spite of tight money, especially if there were good, animating reasons for an advance in certain stocks.

H., Highland, N. Y.: The United States Express Company is a pretty close corporation,

or rather a partnership, for it is not a regularly organized company, but rather an association of its stockholders. All of the express companies have been doing wonderfully well of late, and the United States Express is earning more than 6 per cent. on the stock, though it pays only 4 per cent. It is the cheapest of all the express stocks on the list, and therefore I have recommended its purchase for a long time past. (2) I think well of Southern Pacific if the market holds its strength, and equally well of Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville preferred.

Mc., El Paso, Texas: Subscription received and you are on the preferred list. (1) Southern Railway preferred is as safe as any of the cheaper railway stocks to hold for a long pull. The decreased cotton crop is somewhat affecting the earnings of the railways of the south, but that section is prosperous and growing, and the Southern Railway is one of its principal lines. The stock has had a heavy advance, the preferred having sold in 1900 as low as 50, and last year as low as 70. I do not advise its purchase on the basis of investment, as it only pays 4 per cent. per annum.

(2) Strong efforts to advance prices this winter may be anticipated, but if money is stringent and if shipments of gold are made, it will be difficult to sustain a bull movement. I have advised the purchase, on reactions, of Wabash Debenture Bs, Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville, Kansas City Southern preferred, Texas Pacific, and United States Express.

(3) The earnings of Louisville and Nashville continue at a rate which justify its dividends. Around par it looks reasonable, although it sold last year as low as 76.

S., Philadelphia: Subscription received and preference given. The Seaboard Air Line 4s and 5s would not be so cheap if they were perfectly safe investments. The road is doing well, and if prosperous business conditions continue the interest on the bonds should be earned.

(2) Among the cheaper bonds which stand well, I include the Reading general 4s around par, Kansas City Southern 3s around 70, Texas and Pacific second income general 5s around 95, Toledo, Peoria and Western first 4s around 92, San Antonio and Aransas Pass first 4s, guaranteed by the Southern Pacific, around 90, and the Erie Consolidated general 4s around par.

(3) Would not sacrifice my Pacific Mail at present. The passage of the subsidy bill may be helpful. (4) I hardly expect Southern Pacific to touch par within six months, unless the Union Pacific decides to put it on a dividend-paying basis, and that decision will not be made known until it is taken.

(5) Sorry you do not appreciate all the good things that are given you from week to week. I think you get your money's worth, you will pardon the remark.

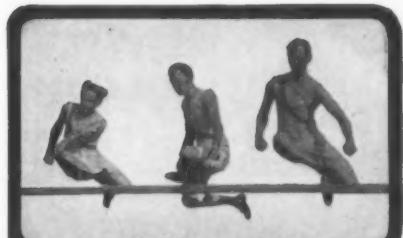
J., Tesla, Cal.: There is little demand for Japanese bonds in this country. I would prefer a security that I could turn quickly in an emergency. Home investments are therefore the best.

(2) I do not regard the bonds of Japanese cities as any safer or better investment than our own municipal bonds.

(3) As I have said before, the payment of dividends on the Southern Pacific, on the expectation of which it has enjoyed a rise, is contingent on the action of the directors of the Union Pacific, which railroad has the control of a majority of the stock of the Southern Pacific. These directors are not averse to taking a profit now and then in the stock market, and they are not in the habit of taking the public into their confidence.

The outsider who operates in Southern Pacific must, therefore, be prepared to speculate on the chances of what the directors will do.

(4) I do not regard United States Steel preferred as a safe permanent investment. The iron business is too uncertain to make me regard any of the steel stocks with great favor. The bonds ahead of the stock I regard as a good investment.



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WORN NEXT THE BODY
PAT. FEB. AND DEC. 1901

January 9th, 1902.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

"C." Elmira, N. Y.: The contemplated issue of \$20,000,000 additional stock by the New York Central is said to account for its strength.

"E." Evansville, Ind.: They are not given a high rating by the mercantile agencies. (2) The copper mine is simply a speculative gamble. I do not advise the purchase of its shares.

"L." New York: All the coal stocks are strengthening, and I have seen no reason to change my opinion regarding Pittsburg Coal preferred. (2) Glad you profited by your purchase of Kansas City Southern preferred on my suggestion. I still regard it with favor if bought on declines.

"S. St." City: The stock of the Union Copper Company has been so skillfully manipulated in the past that I have never recommended its purchase. I do not regard its intrinsic value as very high, and do not advise the purchase of the shares, unless you are looking for speculation and willing to take your chances.

"J. H. L." Cincinnati: I would have nothing at all to do with the wireless telegraph concern regarding which you write. The commercial value of the wireless telegraph has yet to be demonstrated, not to mention the value of the patents alleged to be owned by various companies, that are struggling to sell their shares to a confounding public.

"N." White River Junction, Vt.: The so-called "banker" to whom you allude, and who is exploiting the oil stock to which you refer, has been publicly denounced by various New York newspapers, as a schemer of the first water. I am surprised that you have not seen these publications. (2) I do not think anything of the Federal Wireless Telegraph and Telephone shares, either for investment or speculation.

"G. C. S." Philadelphia: I have constantly advised against the purchase of the oil stock to which you allude, and I repeat that advice to you. (2) Would have nothing to do with any oil stock that promises you 14 per cent. in dividends. The market is flooded with these things, and it is strange that, in spite of the constant warnings of the press, such schemes still seem to be attractive to persons unfamiliar with Wall Street methods.

"N." Sioux Falls, S. D.: Glucose common has had a serious decline since the failure of the corn crop, and also since the proposed opposition has strengthened itself. It would not surprise me if a break in the market should carry this stock down along with the others. I think, however, that you ought to be able to sell without loss. The recent striking declines in Copper, Rubber, Sugar, and Asphalt shares show how mercurial the industrials are.

"Watkins," Massachusetts: The copper situation is the enigma of the Street. Efforts continue to be made to bring conflicting interests into harmony. Eventually it is believed that these will succeed. Until they do, the depression in the copper shares will probably continue. It might be wiser, if you can afford it, to purchase additional shares, on sharp declines, and thus even up your losses, so as to enable you to sell at a profit on the first advance. (2) You do not give the address of the firm, and it is impossible for me to report regarding its standing. (3) At present I am not advising the purchase of stocks, unless one is on the ground to carefully watch daily, and I might almost say hourly, fluctuations.

"B." Philadelphia: All the coal roads are profiting enormously by the continued increase in the price of coal ever since last spring. Reading common is profiting thereby to an enormous extent, and will also profit very much by the increase of the dividend on New Jersey Central stock to the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, as Reading controls the majority of this stock. I would not be in a hurry to sell, but a good profit is a safe thing to take always. (2) United States Rubber common is selling pretty low. I would not sacrifice my stock. The demand for its products has not been as great as usual during the past two years, but I am told that it is now increasing.

JASPER.

"T." Gretna, La.: From all that I can learn of its proposition, I do not regard it with favor. I find the concern has no rating. A life insurance proposition ought to be very straightforward, simple, and plain.

"H." Detroit, Mich.: A young man with a fixed income, as you have, ought to be able to expend \$50 a year for life insurance. This would provide you with a fifteen or twenty-year endowment, and at the expiration of the endowment period you would receive the face of the policy for the full amount, besides its earnings. This would give you, around the age of forty, a snug little sum, and, in case of adversity, it would be very handy to have in the house.

"Widow," Lockport, N. Y.: If you have no dependents and no one to whom you wish to leave your property, the best thing you could do with your limited means, is to purchase an annuity from one of the great life insurance companies. This will give you a fixed income as long as you live, and nothing can ever take it from you, except the failure of the company, and that is out of the question. (2) I see no reason why you could not carry out your idea.

"B." Washington, N. C.: You will pursue a conservative policy if you drop your assessment insurance and take out a policy in some strong, old-line company. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that what you have is paid for, that your premiums cannot be increased, and that your policy will grow more valuable from year to year. Holding a policy in an assessment concern, you are constantly in fear not only of increased assessments, but also of an absolute loss of all your insurance. For this reason I would rather have a little safe insurance in an old-line company than a great deal unsafe insurance in an assessment organization.

"McG." Danbury, Conn.: You should bear in mind that the man who takes a policy on the annual-dividend paying plan, while he will receive dividends from year to year, has, considering the ordinary expectation of life, seven chances of life to one of death. If he lives to the end of the stated period the total amount of the dividend distribution to him, at that time, will be larger than the aggregate of the annual dividends he may receive, for the accumulated dividend will also have the profit arising from the interest on dividends, compounded, and the profit from the shares of the policy-holders who have not outlived their contracts. If you are a poor risk physically, the annual-dividend payment plan will suit you, but if you are strong and robust, I would prefer the policies in the New York companies to which your letter refers.

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Advice to Mothers: Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
In time. Sold by druggists.
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wished for a medicine pleasant to take and at last
have found it in Cascarets. Since taking them, my
blood has been purified and my complexion has im-
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Sports and Sportsmen



READY FOR THE FOX-HUNT AT LITTLETON, N. C.

AMONG MY friends there are many sportsmen who returned to their homes to spend the holidays before taking their dogs and resuming their sport in the fields and woods. While the shooting season has been good for small game in most of the districts in the south and west the rascals who net and trap quail have been unusually active this winter, and the complaints against such practices are so numerous by both land-owners and sportsmen, that I would not be surprised if a more strenuous movement was made throughout the shooting districts of the country to enforce the laws against these scamps. The quail netters have been so persistent in certain portions of North and South Carolina and in Virginia that good shooting preserves have been ruined. The annual field trials held for several years at Newton, N. C., will probably not be held there any more for this reason. The officers of the association are now seeking another location. The darky, or roving white, with a quail net, will do more to exterminate the quail in a particular district in a week than an army of hunters would do in a whole season. The net is spread and the man, on mule or horse, shooes the birds into the net and then generally cracks their skulls between his teeth. In this way an entire covey is exterminated and the whole district cleaned of the lightning-like little flyers. The trap is about as cold-blooded. It is generally placed near where a covey is known to feed and then brushwood is placed over the contrivance. A little tunnel is dug leading up to the trap and grain sprinkled near the entrance of the tunnel and through the passage. The birds will follow blindly into the trap and the whole covey will be captured. The quail never think of escaping back through the tunnel and will simply flutter helplessly against the top of the trap until exhausted. There is only one place for rascals who do this sort of thing, and that is the county jail with plenty of hard labor on the side. I have known these rascals to sell quail captured in this way for as little as three cents each. Of course no

sportsman would purchase or eat birds captured in this way if he knew it.

FROM MY own recent hunting experience in North Carolina, I know that the laws prohibiting the shipping of game out of the state have been more rigidly enforced this winter than for several seasons past. The law is a good one when applied to pot-hunters who shoot for market profit, but it has been carried to a ridiculous extent in some districts. A case in point happened near the pretty town of Charlotte, N. C., not long ago. Two over-worked men from New York took their dogs and guns and went into the country for rest and a little recreation. It was as much a jaunt for better health as it was for sport. Neither was an expert with the gun, but when time came for the return trip it was found that there were thirty-five quail which had not been eaten, and one of the men concluded to pack them in his trunk and take them home to his family. Arriving at the station—which was not Charlotte, by the way—the trunk was deposited on the station platform. The dogs were turned loose to enable them to stretch their legs before being placed in the baggage car for their long trip to the north. Several minutes later a crowd gathered around one of the dogs who was standing on a rigid point and pointing directly toward the trunk belonging to one of the sportsmen. A country constable came up and demanded the reason for the excitement. The constable saw what was up in a minute and demanded that the trunk be opened and the birds turned over to the law. It cost the poor hunters just five dollars each for every one of those thirty-five quail. The sagacity of some dogs is remarkable.

EVERY LOVER of healthful out-door sport and recreation will rejoice at the decided international flavor added to the sporting world. The invasion of England by the American sportsmen, jockeys, trainers, and horses has simply astounded the

Continued on opposite page.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

What a Commercial Traveler Says:

I have been a traveling salesman for over 25 years and during my travels have always enjoyed the luxury of being shaved with Williams' Shaving Soap. Recently while returning from California, I was shaved with another soap. I noticed at once that it was not Williams' soap, as I can instantly recognize Williams' Shaving Soap by its delicate perfume and thick, soft lather. Immediately after being shaved, my face began to smart and burn. When I got to St. Paul, I consulted a physician, and he pronounced the trouble a bad case of barber's itch, caused either by strong or impure soap. I have suffered the greatest pain and annoyance, and hereafter no barber will shave me unless he uses Williams' Shaving Soap.

WILLIAM G. RUDD,
CHICAGO, ILL.



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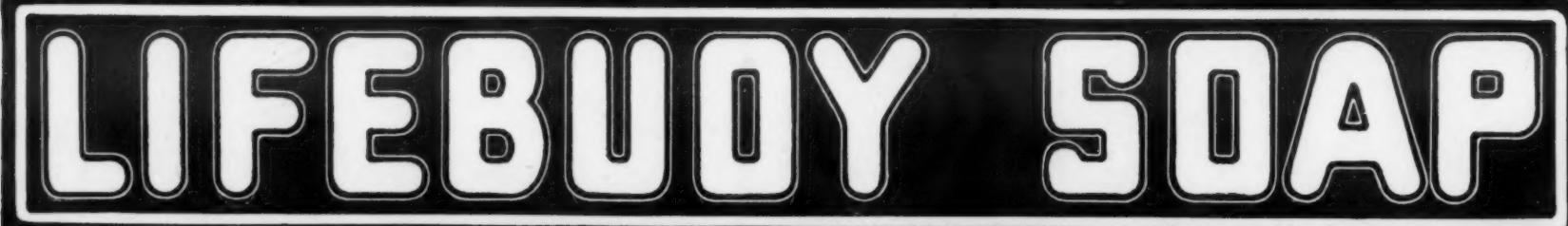


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JOHN E. COWDEN, THE WESTCHESTER "WIZARD," ONE OF THE AMERICAN POLO TEAM.

Continued from preceding page.

Englishman during the last year. Tod Sloan, the two Reiff boys, Danny Maher, and other American jockeys are as well known on the other side of the Atlantic as they are in their own country to-day. Sloan's friends are confident that he will secure a license from the English Jockey Club next spring, and this will enable him to ride in this country as well. I would not be surprised to see Tod pilot W. C. Whitney's royally-bred and speedy Nasturtium in the English Derby next spring. This Watercress-Marguerite colt cost Mr. Whitney \$50,000, and he has set his heart upon capturing the English classic with an American-bred colt handled by an American trainer, and ridden by an American jockey. Some horsemen here are of the opinion that the Futurity winner, Yankee, is a better colt than Nasturtium, and that Endurance by Right is just as fast; but Mr. Whitney seems to think that Nasturtium was the colt to send across the ocean, and, as he owns them all, he possibly knows best.

GEORGE E. STACKHOUSE.

IT SEEMS that Henri Fournier was not wasting his time while running down records and locomotives in this country. His new alliance with capitalists and a well-known firm of manufacturers should result in the development of an American-made automobile fit to trim anything in Europe, especially if Fournier runs it. Foxhall Keene, who has a duplicate of Fournier's racing-machine, remarked on the day of the races on the Coney Island Boulevard, when he could not send his carriage within several seconds as fast as Fournier did his, that Fournier was unquestionably the best chauffeur in the world. Keene, who was the only American in the Paris-Berlin race of last year, will have W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and A. C. Bostwick for competitors in the Paris-Vincennes race next spring.

THE INTERNATIONAL polo games in England the third week in May between the All-American team, captained by Foxhall P. Keene, and the Hurlinghams will attract wide attention on both sides of the ocean. Besides Mr. Keene, the American team will be made up of J. M. Waterbury, Jr., L. Waterbury, R. L. Agassiz, and John E. Cowdin. All are good horsemen and polo players, and their friends in this country express themselves as pretty well satisfied with Mr. Keene's selection of a team. The Hurlingham Club is the real authority on the game in the world. Its grounds are situated on the Thames, at Fulham. The cup to be played for was originally put up by the Westchester Club in this country, and the first international matches were played at Newport in 1886. The Hurlingham team won it and has held it ever since. While Americans have played abroad before, the present invasion is the first one officially sanctioned by the American Polo Association.

THE END of Freedmanism in baseball, the consummation that for so long has been devoutly wished, is practically assured. Even if A. G. Spalding is obliged to go ahead with only eight clubs, the end of Andrew Freedman in baseball is within sight. Spalding, the father of the National League, is "in at the death," and whatever

new conditions may arise for 1902 it is sure that there will be some clean and honest sport provided by the combination of clubs that Freedman does not control and which gather about the Spalding standard. For many years baseball has been recognized as the national game. As A. G. Spalding said, before elected and enjoined: "It is a sport and meets the contingency of American energy and enterprise, and appeals to the genuine American character of enthusiasm. The season may be a bit slow on the diamonds next summer, owing to the confusion of this winter, which has been a bigger shake-up than anything that baseball has seen since the days of the brotherhood organization, but with the reorganization that is in prospect it is likely that before the end of the year there will be a concentration of men and managers such as the game never before has known. Spalding, who organized the bicycle trust, is just the man to give the country a baseball amalgamation such as has, until now, been beyond the "ken" of all.

GEORGE E. STACKHOUSE.

Answers to Sporting Queries.

JOHN THOMPSON, SALEM, MASS.—Many experts argue that a load for a shot-gun for small game should be three drachms of smokeless powder and an ounce and an eighth of shot. I prefer two and three-quarter drachms of powder and an ounce of shot for the average twelve-bore gun.

WILLIAM KINGLEY, CLEVELAND.—A. G. Spalding was originally a player on the Boston, and later on the Chicago baseball team. He has not played professionally for twenty years. Freedman never had any experience in baseball until he purchased a controlling interest in the New York Club from E. B. Talcott in the spring of 1895.

CLARENCE LEACHAM, TAMPA, FLA.—As draw poker is generally played throughout the country all straight flushes count alike. That is, a straight flush queen, high, of clubs, is the same as a similar hand in spades, hearts or diamonds.

JOHN H. MORGAN, NEW YORK.—The penalty for off-side play in hockey, unless too flagrant, is to bring the puck back where the play occurred. Players seen to slug each other are generally sent to the side lines for a period of three minutes, and while they are off the ice their team must play short handed.

GOWANUS, BROOKLYN.—At the time you write Keeler had not signed with any club. The management of the Brooklyn Club might listen to any suggestion you might make regarding a young player who appears to be so promising.

G. E. S.

A Crowned Head's Interest in Niagara.

MR. WHITE, the American ambassador to Germany, tells an interesting anecdote of the Empress. He was minister to Germany during the Arthur administration, and when he returned as ambassador after McKinley's election and was presented to her Majesty, he said:

"I don't suppose you will remember me, but I attended your wedding."

"I do remember you," replied the Kaiserin, "and I can tell you what you said to me on that occasion."

"Then you have a better memory than I," remarked Dr. White, "for I certainly do not recall anything further than a most charming occasion."

"You told me," said the Empress, "when you came to congratulate me, that if I was an American bride I would soon be setting out for Niagara Falls. I did not understand what you meant, but it made such an impression upon me that I immediately looked on the map and found where Niagara Falls was and read everything I could find in books about it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

From the Woman's Viewpoint

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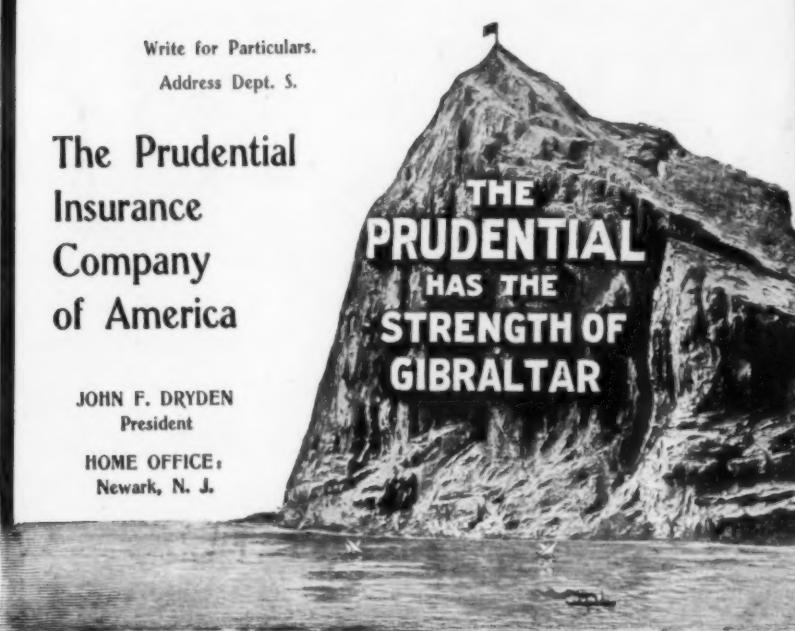
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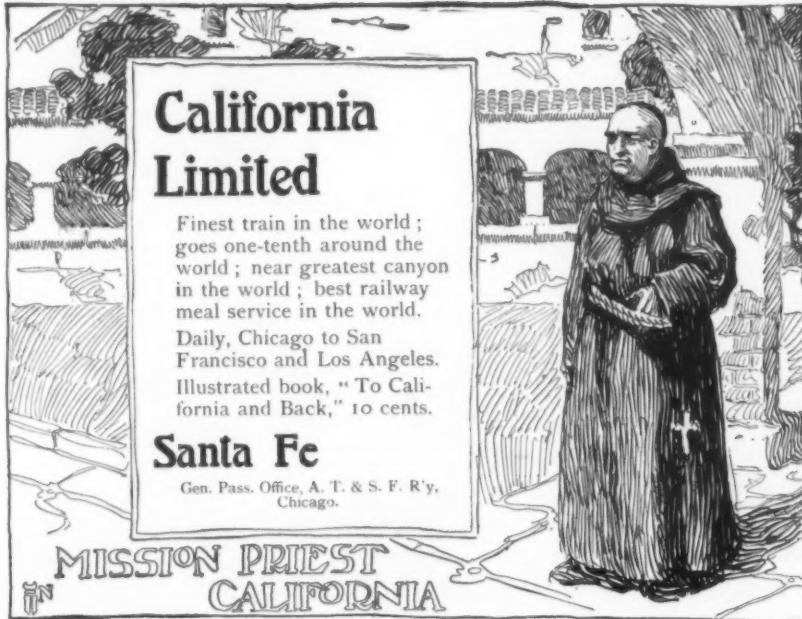
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